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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MEETING IN RICHMOND.

We publish on page 580 a sketch, by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, of the mass meeting of the citizens of Richmond, held on August 29, in the beautiful Capitol grounds of that city. The object of the meeting was ostensibly to give a denial to the imputations so frequently made, in the press of the North, that the loyalty of the people of Virginia, in spite of their protestations, is but of a sullen, discontented, and ephemeral nature. Judge William H. Lyons presided at the meeting, which adopted a series of resolutions expressive of the people's unfeigned loyalty and devotion to the Union; and speeches were made by Judge Lyons, R. T. Daniel, late Prosecuting-Attorney for the Commonwealth, W. H. Macfarland, President of the late Farmer's Bank, and the Hon. James Lyons, member of the late Confederate Congress.

The meeting, although large (there may have been some 500 or 600 present, a large number of whom were colored), was not by any means either as numerous or enthusiastic as might have been desired, considering that the occasion was one of the most important that ever convened the citizens of Richmond together; and, looking to the objects proposed, it was a circumstance to be regretted. On the platform, however, were many of the most prominent men of the city and State, and nearly all the leading members of the press, under whose auspices the whole movement may be said to have been inaugurated. At the conclusion of the meeting a committee of three—Messrs. W. H. Macfarland, Robert Ridgway, and Charles Palmer—were appointed to present the resolutions to President Johnson, and to request him to visit the city of Richmond.

The large central building against which the speaker's platform was erected is the celebrated Capitol, containing the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives, and all the various offices so recently occupied by the Confederate Government. The view presented being from the beautifully wooded grounds of the Governor's mansion, the latter is, of course, not visible. To the right of the picture is seen Crawford's celebrated bronze statue of Washington, with its base surrounded by some of Virginia's great men, also in bronze. The church beyond with the tall steeple is St. Paul's, the Episcopal church which Jefferson Davis usually attended, and where he was seated when he received the telegram from General Lee, announcing that all further resistance was useless. Down in the hollow, to the left of the picture, is seen the upper part of the Custom-house, in which is also at present located the Post-office, the National Bank of Virginia, and the First National Bank of Richmond. Although the Capitol grounds are not spacious, and are not at present in the fine order in which they were formerly kept, few cities in the world possess a spot in their midst more attractive and full of natural beauty.

The meeting at R[illegible]mond, while it shows that many prominent citizens of Virginia have sufficient common-sense to see the folly of secession, does not materially alter the situation as presented in the late election. We can not expect that the ideas of Virginians or of the citizens of any other Southern State are to be reversed by their defeat on the battle-field. We have now to oppose in politics the very heresy which we have defeated in a hundred severe battles. We have settled conclusively the question whether the union of States shall be maintained. But there remains much yet to be settled in regard to the prerogatives of the several States as related to the General Government. The English Revolution was not consummated by the victories of Cromwell and the decapitation of Charles the First, but in the peaceful victory of the English people forty years later, when William of Orange succeeded James the Second. Fortunately for us the Slave Power can have no restoration: with the removal of the cause of our troubles our future is ultimately secure.

THE COURT-ROOM IN W[illegible] CAP[illegible]IN WIRZ, THE ANDERSONVILLE JAILER, IS BEING TRIED AT WASHINGTON.—[illegible]]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 16, 1865.

CONCILIATION.

A MEETING of certain citizens of Richmond lately adopted a resolution severely censuring the efforts made by some persons at the North "to brand the people of the South with perfidy and insincerity." In the same strain Mr. R. A. Alston, of Georgia, who frankly declares himself to have been "an earnest rebel," and "under the same circumstances would feel in honor and duty bound to act as I had done," but who has now taken the oath "with an honest purpose to keep it," writes to the New York *Tribune* denouncing as cruel, false, and pernicious the public correspondence from the late rebel States, which represents the late rebels as sulking or meditating further trouble. The Southern man who writes so Mr. Alston declares to be probably mean or malignant; the Northern man who does it is either duped or hired. Mr. Alston gives these facts, the fruits, as he claims, of wide and general knowledge, upon his sacred honor. We find similar statements in many journals in our own neighborhood. There is declared to be a spirit among some tried loyal men averse to conciliation; and the Democratic Conventions, whose regard for humanity is recorded in our political history of the last thirty years, have taken brotherly love under their especial protection.

In some quarters this paper has been signalized as the chief of sinners in this matter. Thus the Mobile *Daily News*, a "Union" paper established in that city upon its occupation by the national forces, is quite furious that we are not more "conciliatory," calls *Harper's Weekly* "a vile print," declares that it "out-Herods Herod in its efforts to reduce the white man to a social equality with the negro;" and in the ancient style of the days when "Unionism" was a capital crime in the city of Mobile, and every faithful citizen in the land was expected to shudder at the crack of the chivalric whip, it concludes: "This infamous miscegenation print is doing every thing in its power to nourish and perpetuate whatever bad feeling may still exist between the North and South, and a general agreement among Southern news-dealers not to sell it nor have any thing to do with it would be a most excellent step."

The New Orleans *Picayune* is also impelled to denounce our paper as "an incendiary publication," while the New Orleans *South*, a new journal of "Unionism" like that of the Mobile *News*, declares that "the infamy of this sheet [*Harper's Weekly*] culminates in its issue of the 5th instant [August]." The excellent *South* proceeds to describe a wood-cut in that number, and characterizes General Lee as "great and good," and speaks of the late rebel citizens of the United States as "a people" whom the brave and good and noble every where respect and admire for their "sacrifices, endurance, and heroism." The *South* concludes in unison with the Mobile *News*: "This wicked, negro-equality, miscegenating sheet should never again be received into any respectable Southern family. We trust our news-dealers will repudiate it." And with the *News* the *South* calls upon the news-dealers not to send it any longer. "It soils our table."

This kind of thing is ludicrously stale. We have heard exactly the same phrases for the last twenty years when any profession of faith was made in the principles of the American Government. But while this is familiar enough in the quarter from which it comes there is something else not so familiar in that quarter, and which shows one of the radical and inestimable results achieved by the war. In the same city of New Orleans there is actually a perfectly free press and free speech. If they are maintained the future is secure. That they may be maintained is our present hope and effort. And because of that hope and effort this journal is distasteful to the courteous and conciliatory Mobile *News* and New Orleans *Picayune* and *South*.

The New Orleans *Tribune* replies to the *South*, and quietly remarks: "Loyal publications like *Harper's Weekly*, battling for the cause of justice and equal rights, now circulate all over the South. The 'incendiary publications' of former days are now the recognized, proper, and patriotic publications which the masses seek, and are found in every good household. But there are also in circulation many disloyal, incendiary sheets, edited by secessionists, which keep up a spirit of mischief. They should be looked after by the authorities. [We hope the authorities will not trouble them.—*Ed. H. W.*] So long as they refuse to recognize the result of the late war, and are permitted to be published in the interests of slavery and treason, there is no peace." Let them say their say, say we. But let perfect freedom of speech be protected at every cost.

This is rather a long text for a short sermon upon this matter of conciliation. "Do you wish to grind us in the dust?" asks Mr. Alston. "Are we to drink the bitter dregs?" demands somebody else. Certainly not, if we can help it; but are *we?* Has this war—we ask Mr. Alston or any other intelligent, honest rebel—been a friendly tilt or tournament? Has it been a pleasant feat of arms, and, the Queen of Beauty having awarded the crown, are we now to seat ourselves at the fragrant feast, each outdoing the other in mannerly self-sacrifice? What are the facts? The people of the United States, by a tremendous struggle, have saved their Government and their national existence from a prolonged and bloody rebellion. They have now but one, although a very comprehensive question to answer—how to secure the results of their victory? The citizens who are defeated—Mr. Alston, for instance—believed in the right of secession; believed that the separate States are sovereign; that the Constitution is a mere treaty between independent powers. That is to say, they held views incompatible with the peaceful existence of the Government. Mr. Alston says that they still hold them, every jot and tittle, but have been unable in this contest to maintain them.

Is it not then the business of the people of the United States to take care that they never can be maintained? Is it not our duty to the defeated citizens as well as to ourselves to prevent any future delusion that the attempt to maintain them might be renewed with better success? If a man who really believed Mr. Alston to be an assassin, who long lay in wait for him and at last sprang at his throat, and was thrown off only after a fierce struggle, should say as he fell, "I can't help it, I submit because you are stronger, but I do still think you an assassin," would Mr. Alston smile as if it were only a merry bout, and say, "Well, my friend, get ready and try it again;" or would he say, "My friend, I do justice to your feeling and your strength. I have had a hard tussle, and I should be a fool not to take some security for your good behavior." Then if the aggressor should say, "You scoundrel, why don't you conciliate me? If you want to have peace, just let me alone;" would not Mr. Alston reply, "My friend, your temper is naturally not of the sweetest just now. I don't wonder at it. I don't blame you for it. But for all that I must have security."

The Richmond resolutions, Mr. Alston himself, and others, then say, "But we have accepted the results of the war!" Is that true? If you have, we shall be the happiest nation on earth before New-Year. The bells rang and Wall Street sang psalms when Richmond fell. But if you have accepted the results of the war, as you say, such a Thanksgiving was never dreamed of as we shall have in November. What are the results of the war? Emancipation; the destruction of the doctrine of State sovereignty; and perfect liberty of speech and press throughout the country. Have you accepted these? Mr. Alston says that the Government has fought the doctrine of State sovereignty, has conquered it, has made itself supreme and the slave free. But he adds in italics, "*This is not our deed, our will, our belief.*" He then says that the late rebels "never, never" mean to disturb the settlement. Why not, if they believe it wrong? And if they really wish not to disturb it, will they not willingly join us in making disturbance impossible? Acquiescence, with an honestly confessed hostility still existing, is not acceptance.

Where do we find proof of acceptance? The Southern Methodist Church separated from the Northern Church on the ground of slavery. Slavery is abolished by the war. Does the Southern Church accept the result? On the contrary it refuses reunion. We are asked if we expect men to renounce in a day the cherished convictions of years? Certainly not. It is precisely what we not only do not expect, but what we know to be impossible, and therefore we ask in turn why we should be expected to act as if we did believe it? The authority of the United States is no longer openly resisted by arms in the late rebel States. Those States are exhausted. Their people are struggling to live. Our own sharp griefs have taught us all to sympathize with the sorrows of others. But we still ask whether this passivity can be regarded as acceptance of the results of the war, as the Richmond resolutions claim, without which there will be endless trouble? Because we pity our fellow-citizens who dragged us into so terrible a war, and who have suffered so bitterly, we must not assume that all danger is forever past. There is surely no vindictiveness in demanding the plainest requirements of common sense. There is certainly no disposition to humiliate fellow-citizens into the dust in requiring of them pledges which are both just and humane. Surely we have the right to defend ourselves against those who declare that they hold views which permanently threaten the Government, when they are still panting with the fierce effort to inforce those views by arms. It would be the very madness of folly to offer them the political means of securing a result to which their military power was inadequate.

Must oaths be accepted as a sufficient pledge? But what more solemn oaths are possible than those which the leaders of the rebellion have violated, a violation which they justified by doctrines which they still hold? The first question is the last: have we no right to secure the results of our victory? Because rebels have surrendered, has all our authority to prevent the ill consequences of rebellion ceased? If so, the President had no right to appoint a single Provisional Governor, nor to demand emancipation as a precedent condition of reorganization. If, in the present condition of the State of Georgia, that State alone has the right of regulating suffrage, the President has assumed powers utterly unwarranted, for he has forbidden thirteen classes of persons to vote who are permitted to vote by the State. He was guided in his action by his convictions of the requirements of the public safety. If in his judgment that safety had required him to authorize the colored citizens to vote, he would have had exactly the same right to do it. If it shall prove that those whom he empowered exclusively to vote can not be suffered to do so compatibly with the national security, he will take such further steps as that security demands.

That is the plain necessity of the case. Resolutions about State rights do not change it. If our defeated fellow-citizens spontaneously offer such pledges of security every honest man will rejoice. If they do not, those pledges are none the less essential to the settlement of the country, and will none the less rigorously be required.

HOW SHALL WE SAVE OURSELVES?

Mr. Oliver Charlick, the President of the Long Island Railroad, upon which a frightful and wanton murder of five persons was recently committed, says that the Company do not station a signal-man at the curve where the slaughter took place because they do not think it necessary to do so. We trust that the public will let Mr. Oliver Charlick understand, in the most emphatic manner, that it *does* think a signal-man necessary at that point. The fearful and bloody experience of the last year shows that railroad presidents and directors and agents do not think it necessary to take the most common and obvious precautions to insure the safety of travelers; and it also shows that travelers have a weakly good-humored way of submitting to the most perilous irregularities, to the most filthy and wretched accommodations, and often to the most insolent manners.

It is clear that if the law and public opinion do nothing to right railway passengers they will right themselves. We are a tame public in such matters, but at last people will not consent to have their wives and children and friends crushed and mangled by Mr. Oliver Charlicks who do not think it necessary to take plain precautions. The passengers by a railroad train will constitute themselves a Committee for their own safety. The officers of the law should lose no time in bringing these railroad offenders to justice. There have been at least twenty-five hundred passengers killed and wounded upon the railroads in this country during the last eight months, and not a single offender, so far as is known, has been made to answer. People open their papers every morning with the wonder, "Who has been killed now?" There is a special and necessary department in the papers of railroad slaughters. Let every reader bring it home to himself. Let him imagine that he sees his wife's, his mother's, his child's name in the list of massacred—and then reads that upon the inquest over the mangled body some Mr. Oliver Charlick announces that he does not take precautions because he does not consider them to be necessary.

Let the responsibility be brought home to the officers of the Company. Let speculators be instructed by public indignation that when they buy roads, or are put into presidencies and directorships, they have assumed duties which they will be compelled to fulfill. When a catastrophe occurs let us have the names of the chief officers of the road printed throughout the country. Honest and respectable men will be averse to having their names associated with reckless murders. Let the Legislature require that the running rules of all roads shall be conspicuously posted in every car and at every station, so that in case of delay or inevitable accident, the passengers may know what to expect and what provision has been made for the contingency. In case of delays at stations let the fact and the name of the conductor, if he can give no satisfactory explanation, be reported to the Company and to the newspapers. For every limb broken, for every life lost, let the strictest settlement be required. Money will not restore the dead, nor cure deformity, nor console lingering and mortal disease, but it can destroy dividends, and when they stop stockholders will snarl. Damages can ruin profits, and Mr. Oliver Charlicks buy and run railroads, or preside over their reckless management, because they find that money is to be made out of them.

The truth is, that the great public thoroughfares of this country demand a thorough reorganization. Their first and obvious purpose is the safe transport of passengers, and that is the last consideration in the minds of the managers. The consequence is, that in no civilized country is travel so dangerous as in this. A man shall go from London to Rome with less peril than from New York to Boston, or Washington, or Chicago. Our daily slaughter-roll justifies the sneer, that the model republic holds human life cheap; and while it proclaims human rights, manifests the most sublime indifference to the fundamental right of all.

This is entirely unnecessary. Disorder and disregard of life should be no more characteristic of a republic than of a despotism; and they would cease if public opinion should be arrayed indignantly against such horrible events as those with which all hearts are now aching. Let the Mr. Oliver Charlicks, who do not think it necessary to station flags in dangerous places, learn from the treatment they receive from those who are brought in daily contact with them that they are held morally responsible for all avoidable accidents upon the roads they direct, and for such fatal and criminal irregularity as now appears to have long prevailed upon the Long Island Railroad.

THE FALL TRADE.

We are in September, and it is now safe to say that the fall trade of the city of New York will be the largest ever known. The country is buying goods in unprecedented quantities, at prices not far below those of the period when gold was at 250. Payment is being generally made in cash; where credits are given they are short. Western men, from every State, arrive in the city with wallets stuffed with greenbacks and national currency. Of the latter such large amounts have been brought to town that the banks are inconvenienced, and are packing it up in bundles and sending it west for redemption. There is hardly a branch of general trade that is not unusually active and prosperous. The dry-goods and hardware dealers can not keep any stock on hand, though the importations and the product of the factories are unprecedented; the produce men are as busy as bees; the grocers can sell all the teas, coffees, sugars, and spices that can be pushed through the custom-house, without once going to look for a purchaser. Not even in the height of the war, when any thing was deemed better than money, was the trade of New York city more active or more profitable.

Nor is the South far behind the West in our markets. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the poverty of the South, purchasers from that section are arriving here in droves, and all seem able to pay for what they want. Of course, merchants are not over-anxious to sell on credit to the men who made the rebellion an excuse for cheating their Northern creditors. But every one is willing to sell for cash; and this, or cotton, which amounts to the same thing, Southern buyers seem to possess to an amount entirely unexpected. Even to places which were overrun by Sherman, in his great march, goods have been sold for cash within the past months for hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the money paid in greenbacks. One little store at Wilmington, North Carolina, established by Northern men, is selling $3000 of goods a day—all for cash or cotton.

A curious illustration of the effect of the war is afforded by the nature of the purchases which are being made for the South. Before the war the chief commodities required for the South were luxuries, such as silks, laces, wines, jewels, etc., on the one hand, and the coarsest kind of dry goods and farm implements on the other. Now the South is taking no jewels, no silks or wines, and but small quantities of the class of dry goods formerly used for the wear of slaves; but there is no limit to the Southern demand for a fair quality of dry goods such as Northern mechanics use, for groceries, and for every description of tools and machinery. The white trash, for the first time in history, are making themselves felt in the market, *vice* planter and slave *vamosed*.

When we last spoke of the probable quantity of cotton to come forward from the South, we mentioned that the best-informed men estimated the stock on hand at 1,500,000 bales. It is now clear that this estimate fell considerably short of the truth. But it was so generally received that the price has been maintained; and if the South have only 2,000,000 bales, this quantity will net its owners more money than was ever before realized for a single crop. A bale of cotton will now buy fifteen barrels of flour instead of five as formerly; five barrels of sugar instead of 1½; twice as much dry goods and thrice as much hard or tin ware as it used.

No one is drawing attention to the emigration from the North to the South. Yet it is a very remarkable feature of the times. Before the war the Charleston and Savannah steamers charged $15 and $20 for cabin passages, and did a light business. Now, the charge is $50 for cabin and $25 for steerage, and the steamers sail so full that to secure a passage application must be made several days beforehand. A similar increase of business is reported on the railroads running south through Ohio and Kentucky.

Nor is this at all to be wondered at. A com-

petent mechanic—printer, bricklayer, carpenter, mason, engineer, weaver, shoemaker, tailor, baker, blacksmith, tinsmith, or miller—can now command wages in the South more than double the average of past years. We risk nothing in saying that competent carpenters, shipwrights, blacksmiths, masons, and millers can obtain steady employment in many Southern States at not less than $10 a day. Common day laborers are not wanted. Negroes abound to do work which requires no preliminary education. But skilled labor is in such demand that the laborers can dictate terms. Every railroad-bridge, culvert, and station at the South requires rebuilding. Many towns are in the same condition. And the people stand in need of every thing which skilled labor can produce; and have the means, in the shape of cotton, to pay for what they want.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The war in South America seems to be very imperfectly understood. Even the London *Spectator*, one of the best of the Liberal journals, speaks as if the Dictator of Paraguay were probably very much abused; and in other quarters we remark appeals to the sympathy of republicans for the same personage, who is doubtless the most absolutely despotic ruler in any country on the globe which claims to be civilized.

A gentleman who knows well the history and actual conditions of those regions, of which the world is in general very ignorant, writes that, during the last fifty-four years, Paraguay has had three absolute despots. Its House of Representatives meets *four days out of ten years.* The Dictator Lopez is the sole foreign trader in the country. Paraguay is his plantation. It is a penal offense to undertake commerce or to sell produce to any buyer but the Government, which is Lopez. Foreigners are excluded almost as rigorously as from Japan. And in a population of about a million the Dictator maintains a standing army of some sixty thousand men, officered in part by skillful foreign soldiers. The country is virtually inaccessible by land, and is flanked by the Paraguay and Parana rivers.

There is naturally no love lost between such a country and its neighbors, the most powerful of which is Brazil. Brazil is a monarchy, but "it is republicanism itself compared with Paraguay." The Government of Paraguay is the irresponsible will of one man. The representatives of Brazil meet annually. There are local Legislatures in the provinces. The expenses of the Empire are regulated by the representatives, and there is perfect liberty of the press. The Argentine Republic is the next most important neighbor of Paraguay. It lies below it upon the River De la Plata, and is a mild and liberal and progressive state. Its institutions are modeled upon those of the United States, including entire freedom of speech and the press. Uruguay, at the mouth of the River De la Plata, is the third and smallest neighbor—a province which was freely relinquished by the Argentine Republic, to which it formerly belonged.

These three States are now leagued in a war with Paraguay. The facts of its beginning are very simple. Brazil and Paraguay were at peace, when a Brazilian steamer was seized in the port of Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. This outrage was followed by an invasion of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Paraguay asked leave to cross the territory of the Argentine Republic to attack Brazil, which was at peace with the republic. The request was necessarily refused. Paraguay then seized two Argentine men-of-war and invaded the Argentine province of Corrientes, driving from it to Paraguay half a million head of cattle, which are the riches of the republic, and declaring it annexed to Paraguay. The war thus begun by Lopez has been accepted by Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay has joined the alliance with a small contingent. The first advantage was naturally with Paraguay. But the great event of the struggle thus far is the annihilation of the Paraguayan navy by the Brazilian fleet.

Upon such facts it is folly to claim the sympathy of civilization for the stern and solitary despotism of Paraguay; and it is unpardonable to represent the contest as a struggle between monarchy and republicanism. Paraguay is actually and in spirit the least republican State upon the continent, while Brazil and the Argentine Republic, open to all the world, are constantly advancing in liberal civilization.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

When the papers announce each morning that the United States Sub-treasury at New York has a balance of sixty millions, few readers realize the financial revolution whose accomplishment those figures indicate. In the old times—we call them old times, though they are only five years ago—a balance of $25,000,000 in the Sub-treasury was deemed so enormous that Congress was called upon to legislate for the relief of the community, and the Treasury Department was actually authorized to buy up United States bonds at 126 in order to deplete the Treasury vaults. Now, Mr. Van Dyke sleeps quietly on a balance of thirty millions in gold and as much in currency, and nobody troubles his head about it.

In the old times, when our paper-money—not a legal tender—reached $200,000,000, financial authorities warned us that we were going headlong to destruction, and that such an inflation must lead to a collapse. Now, we have $1,000,000,000 of paper-money afloat, and yet the money market tightens up periodically; Mr. M'Culloch is issuing more legal tenders; and Congress is going to be asked to authorize a further issue of $300,000,000 national currency for the benefit of our Southern brethren.

In the old times, when Government or the Erie Railroad wanted a loan of five or ten millions, the money market and Wall Street went into convulsions at the announcement, and for days and weeks every body was busy calling in loans, realizing on stocks, and preparing for the terrible "liquidation." Now, Government borrows twelve to fifteen millions a week for months together, and nobody is disturbed by the operation.

In the old times, when the Secretary of the Treasury drew a check in favor of the Mexican Minister for seven million dollars in payment of the Mexican indemnity claim, the newspapers were full of nothing else, and the descriptions of poor Mr. Almonte when he presented his check and was blandly asked by Mr. Cisco whether "his carts were at the door to carry off the money?" were very amusing. Nowadays Secretaries of the Treasury check for ten millions several times a week, and nobody asks when or how the checks are paid.

In the old times speculators in Wall Street bought or sold fifty shares of stock, and when a broker had an order for 1000 shares his *confrères* gossiped over him, and he was the lion of the day. Now, it is almost impossible to buy fifty shares of any thing, as even the smallest operators deal in hundred-share lots; and many a street broker, with no capital and no standing, buys and sells 10,000 shares in a morning without attracting any remark.

If the last five years have made such changes, what may be expected of the next five?

HAYTI.

We trust that our readers did not fail to ponder the article in one of our latest Numbers upon Hayti. It was written by Mr. James Redpath, whose official relations and private acquaintance and residence in the island peculiarly fit him to speak upon the subject. No country has been the object of more passionate criticism or of falser representation. Especially in our own country, during the long and fierce dominance of the slave-power, its history was perverted to the basest purpose. As the Saracen mothers were accustomed to subdue their children by the threat of calling the English King Richard, so the fears of peaceful citizens were aroused by allusions to the horrors of St. Domingo. That was always the last desperate appeal against the incontrovertible argument of the anti-slavery movement. "These fanatics are preparing the way for the horrors of St. Domingo," was the cry raised against intelligent, peaceful, and sagacious citizens by those who were plotting a bloody rebellion, and who were preparing the way for the horrors of Andersonville.

The truth is, that "the horrors of St. Domingo" were the consequence of the effort to re-enslave an emancipated class. They were the terrible protest against the treachery of the race that called itself superior. They were another of the fearful proofs that nothing is so dangerous as plain injustice. If the whites had kept faith with the blacks those horrors would have been unknown.

The history of Hayti has been profoundly sad. The descent from the sagacious administration of Toussaint L'Ouverture to the brutal and stupid tyranny of Soulouque was full of tragedy and cruelty. In the empire of Soulouque, as Mr. Redpath remarks, pure barbarism again prevailed. But in December, 1858, Geffrard, the present President, overthrew the savage element and ascended to power. He reduced and organized the army. He encouraged education. He established, for the first time, a school for girls, and asked the Pope to send some *decent* priests. He urged the sanctity of marriage, and aimed at a remodeling of the courts and of the administration of the laws. In short, Geffrard did all that Soulouque had not done, and sought to reconcile the mulattoes and blacks, who are ancient enemies in Hayti. During his Presidency the most cordial relations were established with the United States, and Geffrard sent his personal friend, Colonel Romaine, as minister to Washington, a gentleman of liberal education and of the most polished and agreeable manners. Mr. Redpath describes Geffrard as too gentle a ruler to deal with the savage opposition which he must necessarily encounter, and which has now taken arms and plunged into revolution.

The rebellion is led by Turin Salnave and François Jean Joseph, and is a revolt of barbarism against civilization—of the spirit and purpose of Soulouque against those of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Thus far the rebels have made little progress. There are frequent rumors of their success; but so far as appears they are still confined to Cape Haytien, where they are besieged by the national forces. It is possible that Geffrard may be compelled to resign, and that a stronger hand and more inflexible spirit will be summoned to lead the party of progress and civilization. Or the event of war may throw the supreme power again into barbaric hands. If the latter should be the result, it can be merely temporary, and will last only until the aims of intelligent and civilized Haytians find an adequate leader.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We received a few days since an account of the solemn obsequies in memory of Mr. Lincoln performed by the Archbishop of the Greek Church at Alexandria, in Egypt, and we are now informed that M. de Sarmiento, the Minister in this country of the Argentine Republic, an accomplished gentleman, a correspondent and friend of the late Horace Mann, is preparing a Life of President Lincoln in the Spanish language. M. Bartolome Mitre, the son of the President of the Argentine Republic and an attaché of the Legation, has translated the poem by William Knox, of which Mr. Lincoln was so fond and which he repeated to Mr. Carpenter—"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We should be glad to reproduce it here did not our limited space absolutely forbid. But those who are familiar with the stately language may perceive the spirit of the translation from these two stanzas:

"Débil mortal! en qué fundas
Ese tu orgullo risible?
Cuál es la causa ostensible
De tu necia vanidad?
¿Será que ignoras acaso
Que cual relámpago brilla,
O cual veloz nubecilla
Pasais a la eternidad?

"Del roble y sauce las hojas
Mústias se ven y abatidas;
Van por el aire esparcidas
Y unidas a tierra van!
Tal es del hombre el destino;
Pobre, rico, débil, fuerte,
Nivelados por la muerte,
Igual tumba cubrirá."

It is an interesting fact for us just now that M. Mitre was for some time a private in a company of the Buenos Ayres National Guard, of which the Captain was a black and, moreover, a servant in the house of M. Mitre's father. Under this Captain he took part in the gallant action at Cepeda, which was a battle of importance. In the service of the Argentine Republic there are two battalions composed almost entirely of colored soldiers, and a colored Colonel, who is also a member of the National House of Representatives.

The "natural antipathy" of an educated South American for brave and honorable men of a different race seems in this instance to have disappeared altogether. Among brave and honorable North Americans, also, we shall not be surprised if it becomes likewise extinct.

LITERARY.

"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" (Harper & Brothers) is just issued for the fourth year. The great throng of American travelers should not leave home without it; for in the space of six hundred well-printed pages they will find an itinerary of travel through Europe and the East corrected up to July, 1865, and ingeniously arranged to give the utmost information in the smallest compass. There is no other yearly issue of any European hand-book, and the publishers intend to issue this every year as complete as it can be made. The great advantage of a book of the kind, covering the whole ground, giving the essential information and advice founded upon experience, and the whole conveniently bound in flexible covers, is obvious. It saves the traveler a library of hand-books. There is a short skeleton tour added of travel in the United States, with a brief description of the chief cities and places of interest. But we can not say that it is a fact deserving a place in such a Hand-Book that one of the lovely villas on Mount Washington upon the Hudson "is the property of James Gordon Bennett, Esq."—nor do we agree with the author that "the masterly genius of Lee, who controlled the destinies of the Confederate armies," will help to make West Point "forever famous in history," except as the same region is made famous by the "traitor Arnold," as the author calls that General, who had doubtless a much more masterly military genius than Lee. Robert E. Lee will not be remembered by West Point but by Andersonville—and we protest against his being mentioned in the same sentence and with higher praise than Grant and Meade. These, however, are points which do not affect the intrinsic value of the Hand-Book, which is written with express reference to the wants of American travelers, and whose great popularity is the highest practical proof of its value.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW JERSEY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic Convention of New Jersey met at Trenton August 30. General Runyon was chosen candidate for Governor. Resolutions were adopted, laying the blame of the rebellion to Northern citizens, strongly favoring State rights, opposing negro suffrage, military arrests and trials, and pronouncing the national debt a national disgrace.

PROSTRATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston *Daily News* thus depicts the commercial prostration caused by the war in South Carolina:

"It will not be surprising to our readers, in and out of this State, to learn that we have suffered greatly from the recent war. Of $15,000,000 in bank stock all is lost. Of $5,000,000 bills in circulation the market value is not more than twenty per cent. Of three insurance companies neither can continue business. Of $20,000,000 in railroads no dividends can be expected. Of five thousand houses in Charleston fifteen hundred have been burned, and others almost irreparably damaged. Of estates of decedents and minors, and of property in litigation, four-fifths are represented by Confederate securities, and are therefore valueless. Of our many merchants, lately of large capital and unblemished credit, few have assets to pay the small debts against them at the beginning of the war. Of the many large and valuable estates in Beaufort district and the adjacent islands all have been abandoned, and many have been sold for taxes. Of the large cotton estates still further from the sea-board many have been desolated. Of the cotton on hand at the beginning, and raised during the war (amounting in value to at least $20,000,000), the larger portion has been taken or destroyed. Of the stock, horses, hogs, cattle, farming implements, utensils, and furniture, and silverware, all but an inconsiderable amount have been consumed, destroyed, or taken. Of the money in the hands of our citizens at the commencement of the war, or accruing from the sale of property, or the practice of professions, or the payment of debts, all has been invested in securities, of which nine-tenths have no possible value. Of the debts uncollected few are expected to be paid. Of the funds of churches, colleges, charitable institutions, and societies, all also, or nearly all, have been sunk. Of the lands of the State not held by the Government little has any market value. Into this frightful gulf of ruin has also been swept the value of four hundred thousand slaves, estimated a few years since at $200,000,000. And thus, therefore, of the $400,000,000 worth of property in this State in 1860 but little more than $50,000,000 now remains."

NEWS ITEMS.

Major-General Meade left Washington, August 24, on an inspection tour through the Departments of Virginia, North and South Carolina.

Brevet Major-General Charles Devens has left Boston to report at Charleston, South Carolina.

It is now said that Jeff Davis will be tried before a United States Circuit Court. It is probable that the trial will commence at Norfolk before long. General Miles, in command at Fortress Monroe, telegraphs that Davis has been and is still suffering with erysipelas and carbuncles on his legs.

In eight months there have been 128 railroad accidents, by which 266 persons have been killed and 1109 wounded.

The Coroner's inquest in the case of the Long Island Railroad slaughter have attributed the murder to the conductor of the mail and to the engineer of the express train. They censure President Charlick for the careless management of the road.

Commodore John Collins, of the United States navy, died at North Conway, New Hampshire, on the 2d inst.

The British steamship *Queen*, which arrived at this port from Liverpool Tuesday morning the 5th instant, brought fifteen hundred and twenty-six passengers, the largest number of persons that ever crossed the Atlantic in a single vessel.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Directors of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company are so confident of being able to lay successfully a submarine cable from Ireland to Newfoundland, and of recovering the end of the present cable, that they have offered to contract with the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to make and lay, during the summer of 1866, an entirely new cable and complete the old one so as to have, next year, two efficient telegraph lines between Europe and America. All who were on board the *Great Eastern* have unabated confidence in complete success next year.

The English Squadron, after being fêted at Brest in a manner corresponding with the previous proceedings at Cherbourg, sailed from Brest for Portsmouth on the 24th August.

The Italian Minister of the Interior, in order to prevent disturbances, has ordered that religious processions shall not in future take place in the public streets without previous authorization of the authorities, the latter being empowered to prevent them if necessary.

The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty has for the present received its *quietus*. Prussia gets Lauenburg, paying Austria a pecuniary indemnity, while a joint provisional government is established over Schleswig and Holstein. The Paris *Temps*, in an article on the Austro-Prussian Convention, says: "It is now no longer a question of nationality, but of oppression and confiscation, which authorize every reprisal. If Lauenburg suits Prussia, a similar point on the Rhine may suit France, and France might appropriate it with equal right."

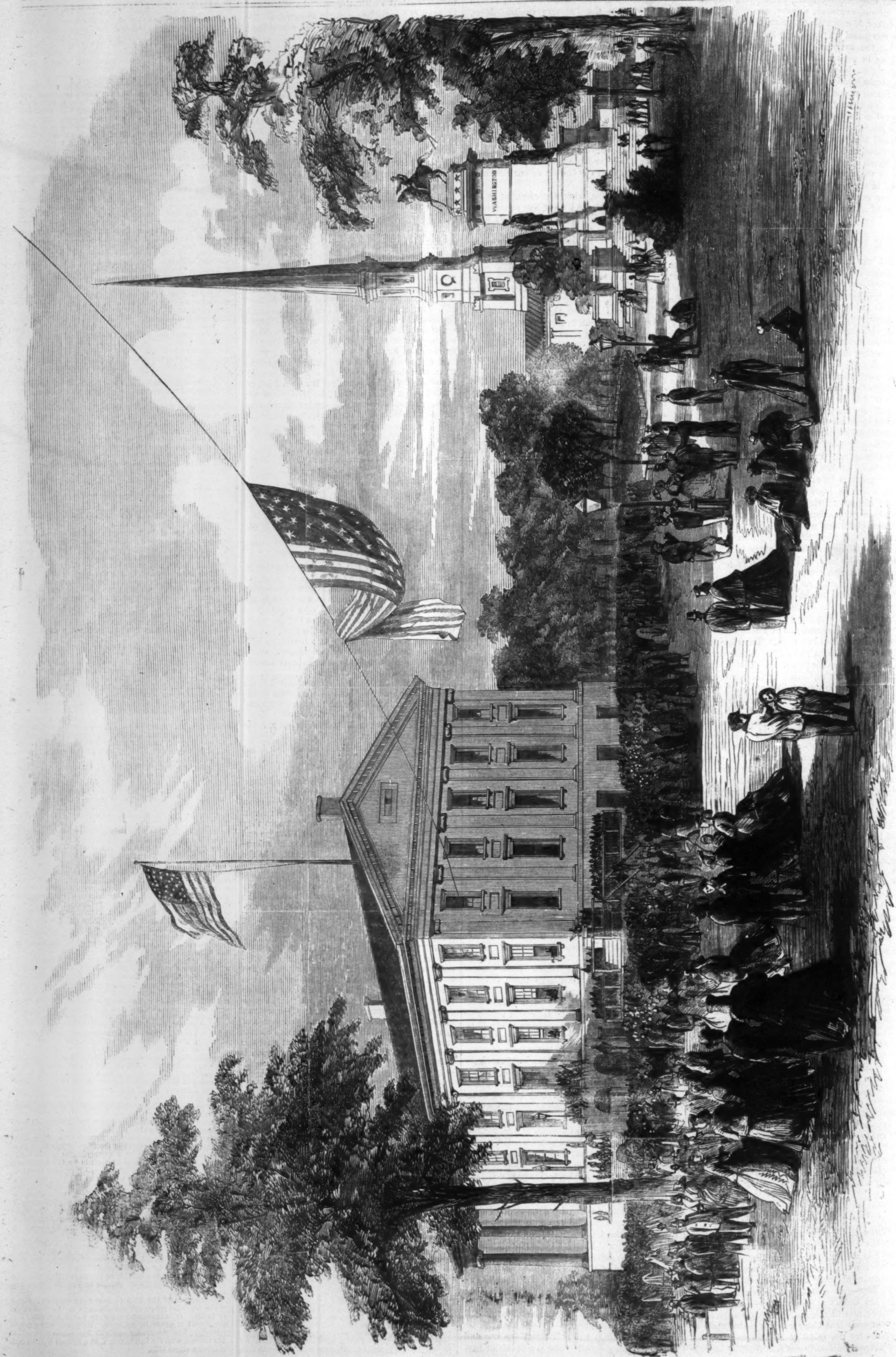
The cholera is diminishing at Constantinople. There was at latest advices considerable fear of its appearance in England. It is noticed by the London *Times*, however, that the epidemic differs in its course from those of 1832, 1849, and 1854. Then its line of progress was from India steadily northwestward through Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, Russia, Austria, Prussia, North Germany, and England. In the present instance we heard nothing of the cholera as on its route from India. It was first reported, quite abruptly, from Alexandria, where it raged terribly, spreading along the coast to Damietta, and running up the Nile to Cairo. Then we heard of it at Smyrna, in the Isle of Cyprus, at Constantinople, and in the villages on the Bosphorus. Presently it is reported from Ancona, from Gibraltar and Malta, from Marseilles, from Barcelona, and from Valencia. But in no one of these instances has it advanced from the sea-coast into the interior, for the case of Cairo can hardly be considered an exception. It has not spread beyond Ancona, though the disease in that town was very intense. Once there was a story of its appearance in Milan, but that was not confirmed. It has not advanced beyond Marseilles, or beyond any of the infected ports on the east coast of Spain. Southern Italy has been attacked, but only under similar conditions. Cholera is last reported from San Nicandro and San Severo—the former a town close upon the coast, the latter a little beyond. These are the results of a survey of the case up to the present moment. The only exception is a report of the cholera in Hanover, but this in professional statements is reduced to "cholerine," and is apparently only such a disorder as occurs most autumns in London. In short, upon a summary of the evidence, we come to this, not that an Asiatic pestilence is advancing upon us across Europe, but that there has been an extraordinary outbreak of cholera in the basin of the Mediterranean.

Advices regarding the progress of the rebellion in the republic of Hayti are decidedly favorable to the revolutionists, who had taken Fort St. Michael, opposite the town of Cape Haytien, thus compelling a cessation of the bombardment of the latter and the evacuation of Petite Anse by the forces of President Geffrard. Atrocities by the rebels in Cape Haytien are reported, and it is said that white persons were threatened with death if they appeared on the streets.

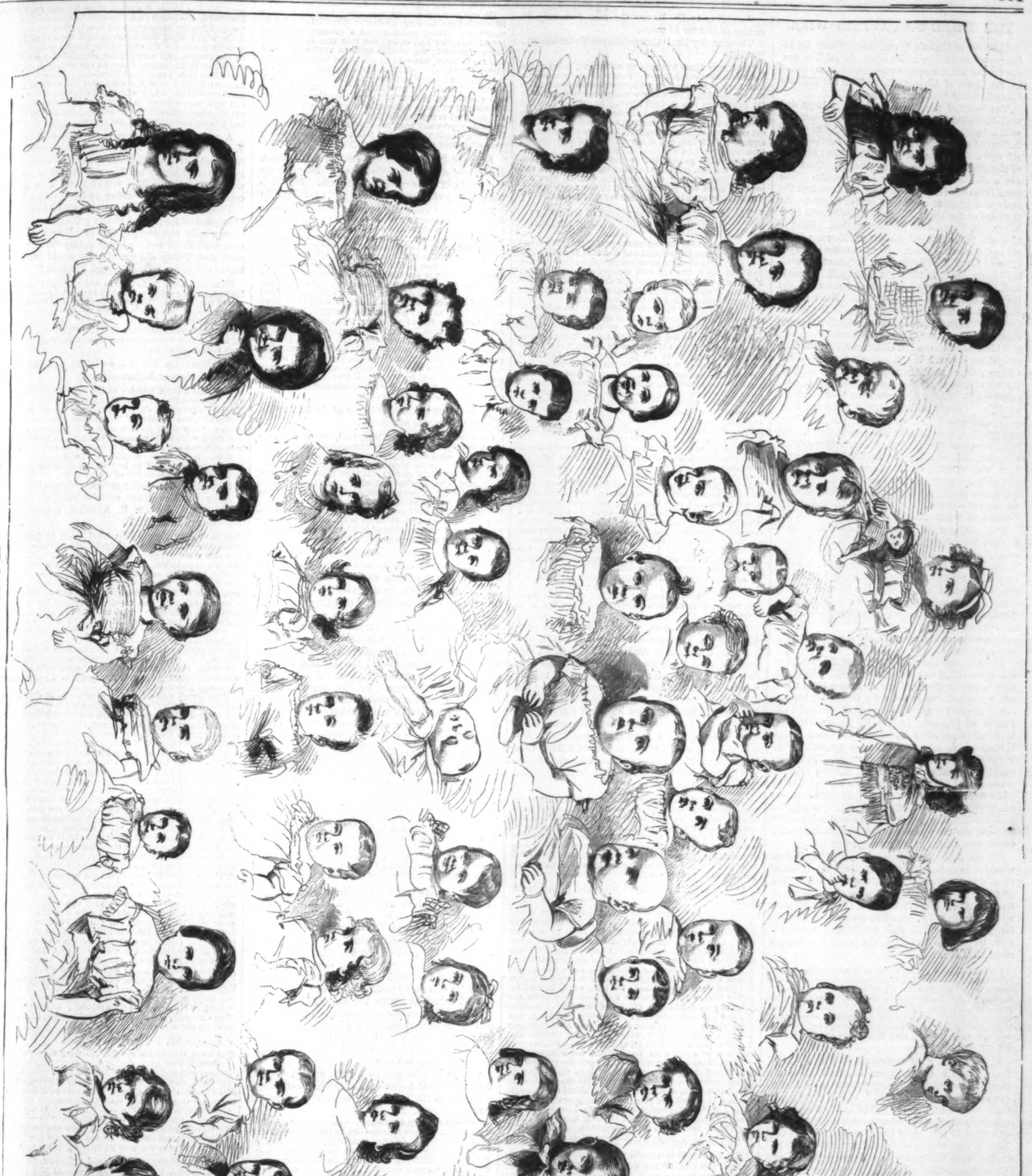
The war in South America progresses slowly. At last accounts there were three grand divisions of the Paraguayan army, each one advancing without meeting any serious impediment. Each of the three countries of the allies has been invaded by Paraguay. The province of Corrientes has been almost laid waste by the invaders. Rio Grande, a province of Brazil, has also been entered and one of its chief towns taken, and Uruguay has been invaded by a wing of the same force. A slight reverse has been sustained by the Paraguayans in the province of Rio Grande, and the defeat on the river in the great naval battle of the 11th ult. was a sad blow to them. As they are so completely shut out from ocean commerce they may fail for want of ammunition. They are already beginning to save it from all needless waste.

Professor Agassiz's scientific expedition in Brazil promises interesting results. The Professor is an old friend of the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II., and he has met with great favor from his Majesty. The Emperor placed a fine steamer at the service of the expedition, and the Professor gave a series of lectures in French before the court.

A telegram of the 12th of July from Shanghai says: "The Nigenbei rebels are encamped in the neighborhood of Pekin. It is rumored they have taken the city, and the report is generally believed. Burgevaine is still in custody. The American Minister has again demanded his release, with the intimation that a refusal will be considered a *casus belli*.



THE MASS MEETING HELD AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AUGUST 29, 1865.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



OUR BABY-SHOW.—[From Photographs furnished mainly by A. Gardner, Washington.]

THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WIRZ.

THE case of Captain WIRZ, charged with the infliction of wanton cruelties upon our soldiers confined under his charge at Andersonville, was opened in the Court of Claims office before the Military Commission at Washington, August 21.

The room of the Court of Claims is large and well furnished. One end of the room is occupied with a long table, at which sit the members of the Military Commission, with the tables for the counsel and the reporters at the right of the President of the Court; while in the other end of the room are a dozen very handsome lounge seats. The room looks out through two large windows into the leafy and pleasant park west of the Capitol. At the head of the long table sits Major-General LEW WALLACE, President of the Commission. Next to him sits Major-General GERSHAM MOTT, with a prompt, business-like air. Next in order is Major-General LORENZO THOMAS, our Adjutant-General. Still lower down on the right is Brigadier-General E. L. BRAGG. Last on that side of the table sits Brevet Colonel THOMAS ALCOCK. Next to the President on the left side of the table is General GEARY. Then follow in order Brigadier-General FRANCIS FESSENDEN, Brigadier-General BALLIER, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. STIBBS. At the foot, and facing General WALLACE, sits the Judge-Advocate, Colonel N. P. CHIPMAN. We give an illustration of the court room on our first page. On pages 584 a[illegible] we illustrate some of the distressing f[illegible] of our prisoners' life at Andersonville.

[illegible] half past 1 P.M. on the 21st, HENRY WIRZ, the prisoner, was brought before the Court. He is a native of Switzerland, about forty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, slender in form, with stooping shoulders and pinched features. His eyes are gray and restless. His counsel were Ex-Judge HUGHES, Ex-Governor DENVER of California, CHARLES J. PECK of Illinois, and LOUIS SCHADE of Washington.

The charges made against Captain WIRZ were: 1. Conspiring with ROBERT E. LEE, JAMES A. SEDDON, JOHN H. WINDER, LUCIUS D. NORTHROP, RICHARD B. WINDER, JOSEPH WHITE, W. S. WINDER, R. R. STEVENSON, —— MOORE, and others, to injure the health and destroy the lives of United States soldiers held as prisoners of war by the Confederate States; 2. Murder, in violation of the laws and customs of war.

Under the second charge there are thirteen several specifications.

The next day the Commission was dissolved, but was again called together on the 24th. The President had ordered that WIRZ alone should be tried, and a new indictment had been made out, leaving out of the first charge the names of General LEE, JAMES A. SEDDON, LUCIUS D. NORTHROP, and MOORE. Soon after the Court convened Judge HUGHES gave up his position as counsel. Mr. PECK followed the Judge's example. This produced a sensation in the Court, and the prisoner remonstrated with Mr. PECK, who replied that he could be of no use to the accused, as the Court was bound by none of the obligations usually of force in legal trials. The President then remarked that the prisoner was not without counsel, as the Judge-Advocate was attorney for the prisoner by law.

On the 24th LOUIS SCHADE and O. H. BAKER appeared as counsel for the prisoner. The prisoner plead "Not guilty." Then the case began for the prosecution. A letter written by the prisoner at Andersonville, May 7, 1865, to General WILSON was offered in evidence. The prisoner, in this letter, plead that, in all that was done at Andersonville, he was only a tool in the hands of his superiors. He says:

> I do not think I ought to be held responsible for the shortness of rations; for the overcrowded state of the prison, which was in itself a prolific source of the fearful mortality; for the inadequate supplies of clothing, want of shelter, etc., etc. Still I now bear the odium, and men who were prisoners here seem disposed to wreak their vengeance upon me for what they have suffered, who was only the medium, or, I may better say, the tool, in the hands of my superiors.

C. C. GIBBS, once commandant of the post of Camp Sumter at Andersonville, testified to the crowded state of the prison; "it was more like an ant-hill than any thing else." At an early period there were only 6000 or 7000 prisoners there; subsequently there were 33,000. He testified to the existence of the "dead line," and to the fact that hounds were employed to track escaped prisoners.

Dr. JOHN E. BATES, an assistant rebel surgeon at Andersonville, reported for duty at that post September 22, 1864, and remained until March 26. On going into a ward of the hospital he "was rather shocked." He saw a number of men lying, partially naked, dirty and lousy, in the sand; others were crowded together in small but unserviceable tents. They often asked him for a tea-spoonful of salt, or for some of the siftings from the meal, or for a bone. The men were destitute of medical attendance, as also of clothing and bedding. There was little fuel. He narrated the story of a young prisoner of fifteen or sixteen years of age, to whom he occasionally brought a potato or a biscuit, and who finally died of gangrene and scurvy; "his sores gangrened, and, from want of food and from lice, he died." It was against the orders to give any thing to the prisoners to help their condition. When Dr. BATES went there there were 20,000 or 25,000 prisoners crowded together, of whom from 2000 to 2500 were sick. Some had made holes, or burrows, in the earth. The Doctor "saw but little shelter, excepting what ingenuity had devised." He says:

> I found them suffering with scurvy, dropsy, diarrhea, gangrene, pneumonia, and other diseases. When prisoners died they were laid in wagons, head foremost, to be carried off. I don't know how they were buried. The effluvia from the hospital was very offensive; if by accident my hands were abraded I would not go into the hospital without putting a plaster over the affected part. If persons whose systems were reduced by inaction should, perchance, stump a toe or scratch the hand, the next report to me was gangrene, so potent was the regular hospital gangrene. The prisoners were more thickly confined in the stockade, like ants and bees. Fifty per cent. of those who died might have been saved; I feel safe in saying seventy-five per cent. might have been saved had the patients been properly cared for.

According to Dr. BATES the men had only 20 ounces of food for 24 hours.

The next day Dr. BATES continued his testimony. He said:

> The scurvy there was next to rottenness; some of the patients could not eat, because there was no mastication; their teeth were loose; they frequently asked him to give them something to eat which would not cause pain; while Dr. STEVENSON was Medical Director he did not manifest much interest in the relief of the necessitous; the rations were less than twenty ounces in twenty-four hours; he did not know but what a man would starve to death on it, especially if the food was of few articles and monotonous; sometimes the meat was good and sometimes bad; in consequence of the paucity and unwholesomeness of rations, some of the men starved to death; the amputations and reamputations, owing to gangrenous wounds, were numerous; there was plenty of wood in the neighborhood, which might have been cut to answer all demands.

The following letter was offered in testimony:

> FIRST DIVISION C. S. M. P. HOSPITAL,
> *September 5, 1864.*
>
> SIR,—As officer of the day for the past twenty-four hours I have inspected the hospital and find it in as good condition as the nature of the circumstances will allow. A majority of the bunks are still unsupplied with bedding; while in a portion of the division the tents are entirely destitute of either bunks, bedding, or straw, the patients being compelled to lie upon the bare ground.
>
> I would earnestly call your attention to the article of diet; the corn bread received from the bakery being made up without sifting is wholly unfit for the use of the sick; and often, as in the last twenty-four hours, upon examination the inner portion is found to be perfectly raw. The meat (beef) received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day; and for the past three or four days no flour has been issued. The corn bread can not be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the diseases of the bowels, from which a large majority are suffering; and it is therefore thrown away. All their rations received by way of sustenance is, two ounces of boiled beef and half a pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical officer will avail nothing.
>
> Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the deficiency of medicines. We have but little more than the indigenous barks and roots with which to treat the numerous forms of disease to which our attention is daily called. For the treatment of wounds, ulcers, etc., we have literally nothing except water. Our wards, some of them, are wild with gangrene; and we are compelled to fold our arms and look quietly upon its ravages, not even having stimulants to support the system under its depressing influence; the article being so limited in supply that it can only be issued for cases under the knife.
>
> I would respectfully call your earnest attention to the above facts, in the hope that something may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick.
>
> I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
> J. CREWS PILOT,
> Assist. Surgeon P. A. C. S., and officer of the day.
>
> To Surgeon E. D. ELAND, in charge First Division C. S. M. P. Hospital.

Dr. A. W. BARROWS, who had served as physician to the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and had been a prisoner at Andersonville, testified that when he went there there were six or seven hundred patients lying on the ground, partially naked; "some had broken limbs and gangrene, scurvy and chronic diarrhea." Captain WIRZ threatened that when any prisoner escaped he would starve every d—d Yankee for it. He had seen WIRZ on horseback with the blood-hounds, and testified to several cases in which prisoners had died from their lacerating bites. The matter used for vaccination was poisonous, and amputations resulted. In regard to food Dr. BARROWS says:

> The ration when he went there was small—two ounces of bacon, a small potato, corn bread (two and a half inches square), no coffee, tea, sugar, or flour; sometimes there was a little rice soup—a gallon of rice in thirty gallons of water; in July they got a few vegetables—not a spoonful a day; the morals of the prisoners were corrupted by cruel treatment; men would steal from each other something to eat, and would work among the filth even for potato-parings, or any thing else.

Of the cruelties inflicted upon the prisoners he says:

> The prisoner was punished either in the stocks or the chain-gangs; the stocks consisted of a frame-work six feet high, with boards shut together with room for a man's neck; men thus fastened could stand on their feet, when others merely touched the ground with their toes; and the chain-gang was sometimes composed of six men and sometimes eighteen; they were handcuffed, and chains passed around their necks and legs, and to these chains a thirty-two pound ball was fastened; the gang would be held together one or two weeks, the men meantime being exposed to the sun and rain, which had the effect of weakening and reducing them; he had no doubt of the fact that some died in consequence; another kind of punishment was putting the feet in stocks, the feet being elevated and the other part of the body lying on the ground. When a raid was expected from KILPATRICK, the witness heard Captain WIRZ give an order to fire upon the prisoners if they huddled together; there were from thirty-three to thirty-six thousand prisoners there at the time, and in the month of August, as appeared from the official report, nearly three thousand died; on the removing of the prisoners from Andersonville one of them fell back, when the witness saw Captain WIRZ knock the man down and stamp upon him; this was in September, 1864.

The next day—August 26—Dr. BARROWS still farther testified in regard to the food and the general treatment of the prisoners. Green corn, he said, which is an antiscorbutic, was taken from the prisoners, who were even arrested for buying it. The largest number of deaths in one day in August, 1864, was 207. Owing to the offenses of a few WIRZ cut off for an entire day the rations of all. Dr. BARROWS thought that, with proper care, from 75 to 80 per cent. of the deaths in the prison might have been prevented.

THOMAS H. KELLOGG, taken to Andersonville May 3, 1864, testified that the prisoners were in a very filthy condition. There was little soap; the men would get smoked over the pine fire while cooking, and had no means of removing the stains. Sometimes the rations were furnished raw. He saw a prisoner shot for passing the "dead line." He was himself shot at for stepping to a brook to wash his hands.

> The quantity as well as the quality of the rations was irregular. Some days they got nothing at all, some days a short allowance, and on others there was a full quantity, such as it was; 32 out of the squad of 90 men to which he was attached were unable to stand when ordered to form in line by the sergeant; their inability to do so rose principally from scurvy and diarrhea; their limbs were contracted, and therefore they could not keep their feet; the brook running through the prison was exceedingly filthy; the surface of it was covered with grease; nearly 300 out of 400 who accompanied him to Andersonville died a few days after they were paroled; the Twenty-fourth New York Battery, captured at Plymouth, were nearly annihilated at this prison.

ON the 28th THOMAS C. ALCOCK testified that he was taken to Andersonville in December, 1864, and that on his arrival WIRZ took from him $150 in gold and $280 in greenbacks, a jack-knife, a breast-pin, and gold ring, which were never returned.

> On one occasion a weak man asked Captain WIRZ to let him go out for some fresh air; WIRZ asked what he meant, and turned round, pulled a revolver out of his pocket, and shot him down; the man died two or three hours afterward; the witness spoke in condemnation of this act to WIRZ, who said he would put him in the same place; the witness replied he was not afraid of it; WIRZ then called a corporal and two guards, who put upon him a ball and chain: he gradually, by working at the ball and chain, freed himself of the weight, and then made his escape; the man that was shot was named WRIGHT, and belonged to the Eighth Missouri; the prisoners would sometimes get water from the stream or brook by attaching their vessels to the end of poles; while doing so they were often fired at with shell.

Sergeant BOSTON CORBETT was the next witness. He arrived at Andersonville in July. He yet bears the marks of his exposure to the sun. His testimony is very characteristic. We give a portion of it:

> The dead line was a slight wooden structure three or four feet high, running twelve or fifteen feet from the stockade; the place where the stream entered the stockade was broken down; he had seen men shot and killed there; the prison was in a horrible condition of filth; the swamp on each side of the stream was so offensive and the stench so great that he wondered every man there did not die; he believed it was the cause of the death of many of our men; the maggots were a foot deep; the soldiers dug up roots; they were dried in the sun, and used for fuel; the sick lingered around the swamp as soldiers lie down to rest after a march; going to that locality he would find dead men; the feet of others were swollen; gangrenous sores were without bandages; the sores were filled with maggots and flies; the men were unable to move, lying in their filth; they generally chose that position, and would prefer being near the sink; in one case a man, he was certain, died from lice, which were as thick as the man's garments; food was insufficient even when double rations were served; when the witness was sick within the stockade no medicine was given to him.

L. D. BROWN, also a prisoner at Andersonville. His testimony was as follows:

> On or about the 15th of May, 1864, having written a letter to his parents, and being about to take it to the letter-box, he saw a cripple with one leg, who asked the sentinel to call Captain WIRZ; the Captain came; the man asked him to let him go out; the Captain never answered, but turned to the sentinel and said, "Shoot the one-legged Yankee devil." The shot was fired, and a part of the man's head was blown off and he died in a few minutes; the blood-hounds were taken round every morning; Captain WIRZ riding with them on horseback, in company with the keeper; the witness had seen a man who had been lacerated by these dogs.

During the cross-examination of BOSTON CORBETT the counsel had become irritated by the interruptions of the court, and now expressed their determination to give up the case, notwithstanding the prisoner's earnest entreaty that they would not desert him.

But on the 29th the counsel reappeared. Dr. J. G. ROY was the first witness. He was on duty at Andersonville. He testifies that there were from 30,000 to 35,000 prisoners. He said that with the exception of rare articles there was little difficulty in obtaining medicines. Dr. ROY testified to the deplorable condition of the prison.

MARTIN G. HOGAN testified that

> the men there were in a miserable condition—as bad as possibly could be; the men were so thick that they could scarcely elbow their way; some lay in their own filth, calling for water and crying for food, but no attention was paid them: he also testified to the miserable quality of the food and its injurious effect; such as half-baked corn bread, which was sour; and the beef, when it was furnished, was of an inferior quality; men afflicted with the scurvy would crawl upon the ground; the sight was horrible; very many were insufficiently clad, and, having no shelter, burrowed in the ground; as to hounds, he was brought back to prison by their agency; he had seen Captain WIRZ with hounds trying to strike the track of an escaped prisoner; for attempting to escape from prison about the 8th of October, 1864, after the most obscene abuse from Captain WIRZ, he was fastened by the neck and feet and remained there sixty-eight hours.

J. D. KIESER testified that he had seen a prisoner shot for reaching over the "dead line" for a bit of bread.

On the 30th JAMES VAN VALKENBURG, who resides near Macon, testified that in 1864 the harvests were unusually good in that neighborhood.

Sergeant CORBETT, recalled, deposed that he could not name any individual shot, but had seen prisoners shot every month he was in prison. The counsel asked CORBETT the following question: "You say that on one occasion, when you lay concealed, one of the hounds rubbed against your nose; why did he not bite you?" CORBETT replied: "The same power that kept the lions from biting Daniel to pieces is the same in whom I trust."

On the 31st NAZARETH ALLEN, a rebel who had been on duty at Andersonville, testified to the filthy condition of the prison and the cruelty of the officers:

> "On one occasion a prisoner stepped out of the ranks to ask Captain WIRZ to transfer him to another mess, when WIRZ immediately ordered him back, cursing him and threatening to shoot him. A man who was sick lying on the ground, calling in his distress for his mother, asked the witness for tent materials, but he could not give the articles, as it was against orders; the prisoners were deprived of vegetables, including onions, which they had purchased at the gate; he knew that hounds were kept at the prison to scent those who had escaped.

Several Confederate soldiers followed who corroborated the testimony already given for the prosecution.

On the 2d of September WILLIAM O. S. BELCHER, a prisoner at Andersonville from March 8 until September, 1864, deposed that

> on one occasion WIRZ came into the stockade, when a cripple, walking on crutches, approached and asked to go outside; the request was refused, and the cripple said he would rather be shot than stay there; the witness soon heard WIRZ holloa to the sentinel, "Tell that man if he did not go back he would shoot him;" the man did not return, when the sentinel fired and shot him in the jaw; the cripple was known by the name of "Chickamauga;" WIRZ afterward threatened to shoot the other men if they did not go away; on another occasion, while the prisoners were being divided into squads of hundreds, one of the men, owing to sickness, did not fall in, and WIRZ threatened to shoot him, and did shoot him; the ball went through the man's hat; the prisoners were kept in the sun all day, and were not allowed to procure water; if the squad could not give a satisfactory account of any of their missing number, they were deprived of their rations; this was the case for three days early in July; there was not sufficient room in the prison, scarcely enough for men to stand upon; the limits were enlarged on the north side; there were forty-two thousand prisoners there at one time; he had heard WIRZ say he was killing more "Yankees" than those who were serving at the front; witness had seen twenty-five or thirty men shot over the dead line, and others fired into who were not over the dead line.

JAMES H. DAVIDSON, a member of the Iowa Cavalry, testified in regard to another man who was

> hanging up his clothes, which he had washed, to dry; one of the pieces blew over the dead line. He stepped beyond the line to get the piece, when he was fired upon and shot in the breast; another man had reached beyond the dead line for some crumbs of bread, when he was shot in the head; WIRZ shot a man a short time after he assumed command of the prison; the latter was sick, lying on the ground, and asked WIRZ something, when WIRZ shot him; WIRZ remarked that he was killing more Yankees there than LEE was at Richmond; this was said in August; WIRZ was at the time with the witness in the grave-yard in the wagon with the dead men; the witness had seen men starved to death. Food was so scarce at one time that some of them picked up particles of food that had already passed through the system.

A paper was then offered in evidence signed by WIRZ and indorsed by WINDER, being a report for the month of August, 1864, showing that the aggregate of prisoners for that month was 34,760, of whom 2293 died. The report states that 25 escaped prisoners were "taken up by the dogs."

THOMAS HALL, a prisoner at Andersonville, deposed that of a squad of ninety prisoners under his charge only one escaped death. When the poor men sunk down and could not get up WIRZ threatened that if they did not rise he would blow the brains out of the "God damned Yankees."

> WIRZ threatened to fire grape and canister into them. He had seen a man's leg that had almost been torn off by one of the hounds. Men were vaccinated in their arms, and soon thereafter sores appeared twice as large as a silver half-dollar, and filled with maggots. He heard a sentinel remark, after shooting a man, "I'll have a furlough for that, and if I thought I could get a furlough for sixty days I would shoot another."

Dr. WILLIAM BALSER, assistant surgeon, testified that, when at Jacksonville,

> he attended a large number of the cases from Andersonville, and described the horrible condition of the sufferers. The larger portion of them were mere skeletons. Of three thousand three hundred of the released prisoners whom he saw at the place there were not two hundred who did not require medical treatment, and not one-half of those who survived will ever be fit to resume their former occupations. Some of those afflicted with the scurvy were idiotic, and bones had to be removed from the jaws and other portions of the bodies of the sufferers.

September 4 the trial was resumed from Saturday.

After some evidence corroboratory of that already given, JOSEPH R. ACHUFF, a prisoner at Andersonville, testified

> that having gone out with a rebel guard, he jumped on the rebel's back, while the two prisoners who accompanied him took away his gun; hearing the dogs in chase he and his two companions scattered; the witness ran into a swamp, and soon saw five hounds and seven rebels on horseback; the hounds were not taken off of him for fifteen minutes, during which time he had to fight them with his fists; he had nothing upon him but a pair of pantaloons made of two rebel meal sacks; he still carried the marks of the biting on his legs; the horn was blown as a signal to tear the hounds off; he was taken before Captain WIRZ, who ordered him to be put in the stocks; he was exposed to the sun; he was thus punished for thirty-six hours, and during that time had only two drinks out of the muddy creek; when he spoke to WIRZ about this treatment, he was told to dry up, or he would have his brains blown out.
>
> WIRZ struck a Michigan boy over the head with his revolver, the result of which was that the boy died of fits; the witness said he saw the man called "Chickamauga" killed; the men had nick-named him "mutton-head;" he belonged to Illinois, and was silly and had lost a leg; the boys having plagued him, he applied to Captain WIRZ to go on parole; WIRZ cursed him and threatened to blow his brains out; the man was at the time within the dead line; WIRZ ordered the guard to blow his brains out; the guard fired, the shot striking the man in the left side; the victim was carried out and died; the witness saw WIRZ lay out the dead line in April, 1864, and heard him give orders at that time if any man crossed the line to shoot him; the first night he went into the stockade, on the 16th of March, 1864, he saw WIRZ kicking a poor skeleton around there, and heard WIRZ curse him; he named four officers who also witnessed the same occurrence.
>
> GEORGE WHITE, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, belonging to the Marine Corps, after being wounded, was carried off to the hospital; the young man requested him to tell his mother he was not afraid to die; subsequently he saw WHITE's dead body at what was called the dead-house, where WIRZ was in company with two guards; the witness asked him if he could not take a lock of WHITE's hair; "no," said WIRZ; "if you do I'll blow your —— brains out;" about 150 prisoners were down at the creek bathing; a woman on an eminence was seen to nod and wave her handkerchief to a sentinel, who fired and shot one of them in the head; the sentinel for this obtained a furlough for thirty days; so he had been informed by a Georgia soldier; the witness described the character of the sufferings of the prisoners; he applied to WIRZ to have the filthy grease stopped from being thrown into the stream, as the water was thus injured; WIRZ replied that the water was good enough for Yankees, and that the witness did not deserve soap.

DANIEL W. BASSENGER deposed

> that when he and his companions were conveyed to Andersonville they were, during four hours, exposed to the burning sun, and some of the men were sun-struck. WIRZ was there, and gave orders that if any one stepped out of the line he should be shot; WIRZ also said if any asked for water they should be shot, accompanying the remark with a denunciation of the —— Yankees. While men lay fainting WIRZ said if it was in his power he would make the victory complete. He saw a man shot early in July for getting water, although he was not over the dead line; and another man was shot while lying in his tent.

FRANK MATTOX, a colored prisoner, testified to the cruelties inflicted upon himself and others of his color.

The above record gives the most important part of the testimony during ten days of the trial, and will be continued next week.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
Which winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast;
Yet stars shall rise at last,
More bright for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A HYMN.

To Thee, Eternal One,
Ancient of Days,
For this that Thou hast done,
For this thine arm has won,
Be endless praise!
Sweet Peace is here; bend from Thy Throne and see
A Nation smiling through her tears at Thee.

America bemoans
Her sons' blood shed;
Above all victor tones
She hears their dying groans—
Her deathless dead!
She hails the dawn of day; but by its light
She sees the wretched havoc of the night.

And yet we praise Thy name,
Father above;
Thou art—though cities flame
And battles rage—the same,
O God of Love!
Rude war awakened us; the noble strife
Aroused us from deep lethargy to life.

Thy fierce wrath smote this land
Low in the dust;
And now we do not stand,
But kneel, and bless that Hand—
God of our trust!
For henceforth to a nobler life we're called,
"Redeemed, regenerated, disinthralled."

HOW TIME WAS KILLED FOR ME.

My greatest trouble is that I have too much money. My greatest virtue, in one view of it, is that I don't want any more. If the latter fact accounts for my being so lazy, let it go at that.

I am lazy, surely; and *ennuied*, most of the time, and *blasé*, and all that sort of thing. I've been the round of mortal amusements until nothing in that way gives me any satisfaction. It has been suggested to me that it might be a good idea if I would go to work. I may do that yet out of sheer despair.

I go to theatres, and yawn all through the play. I go to balls and *soirées*, and am disgusted; these girls all know I'm rich. I lolled away a week at Newport in July, and bathed once or twice; but what a bore it is to bathe! There's no taking your ease in the water, the surf knocks a fellow about so.

One day last week I had been taking a drive in the Park, and toward evening strolled down Broadway, a little more *ennuied* than usual, if possible. What *should* I do to kill the time? As I reached Taylor's I glanced in, and remembered with a sigh the delight with which I had looked upon the gaudy glories of that big saloon, one evening six or eight years ago, when I was making my first visit to New York, with a party of school-boy friends. That was about a year before I came into my property, you know, and I was as fresh as a daisy.

Stirred by the sweet memory of that happy, impecunious time, I strolled into the saloon and sat down, ordering something to eat and a bottle of wine. While engaged in poking a piece of chicken with a fork, and trying to pretend I enjoyed the wine, I was very much surprised at beholding a good-looking middle-aged lady, in a black silk dress, come up to me and sit down opposite at my table.

"This is Mr. Smith, I believe, isn't it?" said she.

"Not at all," said I; "my name is Jones."

It isn't, however; it is St. Clair; but I did not deem it necessary that the woman should know my name.

"Why, I was sure this was Mr. Smith," said she.

"It's all the same," said I; "it's very near it—Jones is. Will you have a glass of wine with me?"

"Sir!" said she, with some asperity.

"I asked you—a glass of wine, you know. It's not the best, but such as it is—"

"Your impertinence will not avail you, Mr. Smith," said the woman; and she gathered her black silk skirts and left me.

I raised my eyes a trifle, and languidly watched her cross the room as I sipped my wine. She approached a group of two ladies and one gentleman, and exchanged some observations with them, upon which they all bent an earnest gaze me-ward.

Then they went out.

A minute after I strolled out also, and there they all were in a group on the sidewalk, evidently waiting for me. The gentleman—quite a well-appearing chap he was, too—came up to me and said:

"I think this is Mr. Smith, is it not?"

"It is not," said I; "I am familiar with the name of Smith, but I do not own it."

Then I stepped within and lit a cigar. I had just come across a lot of the primest Havanas, up town, and had put a whole bunch of them in my pocket.

My friends remained at the door, and I offered the gentleman a cigar, which he courteously declined. The whole group then approached me more closely.

"Certainly, it is Mr. Smith," said a gushing little creature in a blue silk.

"Of course it is," said another gushing little creature in a green silk.

"It is useless for you to deny your name, Mr. Smith; you see we all recognize you perfectly."

"And in case my name were Smith, Sir, may I ask what Smith could do to serve you and your fair companions?"

"A good deal, Sir," said the gentleman; "as much, I believe, Mr. Jones, as two hundred dollars, is it not?"

The lady in the black silk nodded.

"That's not a good deal," said I.

"Then perhaps you'll pay it at once, Mr. Smith, and save further trouble."

"Assuredly I will," said I, "when I owe it."

"Do you mean to deny, Sir," said the gentleman, very deliberately, "that you owe Mrs. Jones here that sum for board; that you left her house on Thursday night last; and carried off besides—quite by mistake, I dare say—a valuable ring belonging to this young lady, Miss Julia Jones?"

I raised my hat to Miss Julia Jones.

"Then I judge," said I, "that I must have been on agreeably intimate terms with this young lady at the time my name was Smith?"

"Was there ever such impertinence!" ejaculated Miss Julia Jones.

"Really, about the hardest case of cheek I ever saw in my life," said the gentleman, staring curiously at me.

"I bid you good-day, ladies," said I, "and you, Sir."

I strolled up the street smoking. They followed me, and presently I felt a policeman's hand laid on my shoulder.

"Beg y' pardon, Sir," said the protector of innocence, "this gentleman directs your arrest."

"Arrest!" said I. "Well, this is interesting. On what charge, pray?"

"Grand larceny," said the gentleman, nodding to the officer.

I bit my cigar nervously. At first I had half a notion to pay these people what they demanded, but on second thought I concluded that would be a little too ridiculous.

"These people," said I, "are mistaken in the man. My name is not Smith. It is St. Clair. You may have heard it."

"Yes, I've heard it often," said the policeman; "it's a werry nice sort o' a name, too, an' quite a favorite with some—not the sharpest sort, though. It's a gittin' wore out."

"He told me his name was Jones," said the lady in the black silk.

"Oh, he did?" remarked the policeman. "Well, Jones is a nice name, too. Do you want him shut right up, Sir? It's too late to take him afore the judge now, you know."

"No," said the gentleman; "give him every chance. It is about dinner-time now. We will go to the house and confront him with the other boarders. It's not too far."

"Since you will have it so, Sir, and ladies," said I, "I suppose I may as well go with you. Especially as I have plenty of leisure. But I prefer to take a carriage, if you do not object—at my expense, of course."

So the policeman, the gentleman, and myself rode to Mrs. Jones's boarding-house in Blanque Street.

"We shall take no unfair advantage of you, Mr. Smith," said the gentleman. "You shall enter the dining-room alone. The officer will remain in the hall and listen. If the boarders receive you as a stranger, very well; but otherwise—"

I obeyed orders; entered the dining-room and took a seat at the table.

"Why, you're back soon, Mr. Smith," said a gentleman in spectacles at my left.

And then the boarders all about the table looked up and nodded their salutations to me.

"It's all right," said the policeman, entering. "Nothing could be snugger. Come on, my man."

"One moment," said I, arising to my feet. "I appeal to the ladies and gentlemen here present to scrutinize me with careful eyes. I am not Mr. Smith. There is some strange mistake. My name is Edward L. St. Clair. Here is my card. I reside at No. — Fifth Avenue, and can prove my identity to the most stubborn appreciation."

The male boarders shook their heads. The ladies simpered, and exchanged glances that said, "Did you ever?" as plainly as you ever did.

"Come along, my gentleman," said the policeman, "we're up to all that sort of thing, you know. It won't work. I want you now."

He took me. Nothing easier.

In vain I asked that I be taken to my residence—that one of any of my friends be sent for—Judge Carmel, the Reverend Percy Fitzspout, the Honorable Samson Montgomery, any one.

"Don't you want to see Barnum, or Fernandy Wood?" queried the officer, sarcastically. "You must think I'm a flat. It's played out, I tell you."

In the shadow of the falling night he led me away to the Tombs.

I felt quite a chill run over me as I was ushered into the long corridor of that cheerful abode of murderers and cut-throats. The first thing I found there was a man's hand in my pantaloons pocket. He was an officer. He "went through me" with great celerity, took away my pocket-book and watch, scrutinized keenly a ring of keys he found in one pocket, and demanded sharply, "What's this?" concerning an ingenious silver watch-box that I brought from Paris, and which he clearly thought was some burglarious utensil. They put my name and offense down in a big book, and then a man tapped me on the shoulder, with a gesture to follow him.

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked, as I followed.

"Lock you up," said he, in the most cold-blooded manner, "till morning."

"But I've done nothing," said I, weakly.

"Them never has as comes here," said he, cheerfully.

He put me into a cell and turned a big bolt on me; and there I was, behind an iron door, with no light save that which came through a grated opening in the door, there being lamps burning in the corridor.

I soon became accustomed to the light and surveyed my cell. The dirt there was astounding. There were two rough-looking men already occupying the apartment, and the soles of their bare feet were crusted with the dirt from the stone-floor. There was a narrow bed, with a musty disgusting mattress and a hideous flannel blanket, for us three to sleep on.

Us three! *Ohe jam satis!*

One of us was a sailor. He was in, he said, on a charge of robbing a mess-mate.

"And did you?" I asked.

"Do I look like er thief?" he asked, with proud scorn.

I certainly thought he did, but I didn't say so. I offered him a cigar instead.

The other of us was in for an attempted burglary.

"And did you?"

"Who? Me? No! It's a damn conspiracy."

He took a cigar also.

Fortune never quite forsakes us. That lucky package of Havanas became my spar in this wide ocean of distress. I kept myself awake with them through all the long night, during which I never once left my feet. The bed was too nasty to even sit on, of course, and the only other seat in the cell was still nastier. So I paced the stone-floor till day broke. I can't say I was especially disturbed in a mental sense. I rather—upon my word—I rather liked the idea of it, viewed *as* an idea. But I was very tired in a physical sense.

They stuck three tin dishes full of some nauseating mess through the door somewhere about seven o'clock, I judged (I hadn't my watch, you know), one mess for each of us. My companions ate their messes with greedy relish. Then they ate mine; and relieved me very much by doing so, as I was not entirely certain but that prison discipline would compel me to eat it; and I feared it was a little too rich for my stomach, and should certainly have thrown it up if I had ever got it down.

Of course, when I was taken before the magistrate, it was a simple matter to establish my identity.

There was great indignation in our set for a few days about it, and all sorts of vengeful threats were made, principally by young fellows like Perkins Porter, Jun., who would run from a caterpillar with its back up.

One was going to have Acton discharge that policeman off the force.

"Let him alone," said I; "he did his duty. It was no fault of his."

Another was going to cowhide that young gentleman—Harris his name was. He was engaged to Miss Maria Jones; apologized in the handsomest manner about it.

"Pooh!" said I; "let him alone too. It was not his fault either."

"Then whose fault was it, St. Clair?" demanded Perkins Porter, Jun.

"Why, Smith's," said I.

And this is to warn Smith, in a friendly manner, to keep away, unless he is prepared to settle with Mrs. Jones, and bring back Miss Julia Jones's ring. I wouldn't mind lending him the money for the board-bill if he stands ready to do the entirely fair thing by Miss Julia, and will settle down.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FASHIONS.—The Egyptians shaved their heads and chins, and looked with abhorrence on the rough-haired and long-bearded Asiatic nations. They only allowed their hair and beard to grow when in mourning, and looked upon it in any other circumstances as a sign of low and slovenly habits. Most of them wore over their shaven polls wigs made of curled hair, with a series of plaits at the back. Poor people, who could not afford the expense of real hair, had theirs made of black sheep's wool. By a singular contradiction the great people wore artificial beards, which they likewise affixed to the images of their gods. The beard of an individual of rank was short and square; that of a king equally square, but much longer; and that of a god was pointed and turned up at the end. Ladies wore their hair long, and worked into a multitude of small plaits, part of which hung down their back, and the remainder descended on each side of the face, covering the ears completely. They generally had an ornamental fillet round the head, with a lotus bud in front by way of a *ferronière*. Some of the *crême de la crême* indulged in a head-dress representing a peacock, whose gorgeous plumage set off their dark tresses; and princesses were usually distinguished by a coiffure of extraordinary dimensions, combining all the riches of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.—There were two Hanoverian horses which assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German Brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picketed as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat, and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanor indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell.

A FLOWER STORY.—We are told that the Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of a pretty shrub of jasmine, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a dowery and his own poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and, to render it more acceptable, ornamented it with a jasmine. The poor girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into the earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so under the fair nymph's cultivation that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her, when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she gave her hand and wealth to the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this time preserve the remembrance of this day by wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which says a young girl wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a poor husband.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.—On the 14th of April Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Ravaillac, and Booth committed their crimes; and William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington, and Lincoln have all died on a Saturday.

DIAMONDS.—Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," shows, in a few simple words, the value of the diamond. Contrasting it with water, from the very purest of which the diamond receives its best name and recommendation, he remarks that, though nothing is so useful as water, it will purchase scarcely any thing. It will purchase very little money; only a small amount of coin or any other commodity can be had in exchange for it. On the other hand, a diamond has scarcely any value in use; but a great quantity of coin or other goods may be had in exchange for it. The difference between value in use and value in exchange could not be more lucidly explained to the very meanest capacity.

But the diamond belongs as much to the poet as to the statistician or the political economist. Pope has chosen to draw his contrast, too—not between the diamond and water, but between the gem and a flower:

Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

This judgment, however unquestioned it may have been in the saloons of the "great Anna" and "great Brunswick" periods, will hardly be accepted now. There is no stronger effort of the sun in giving brilliancy to the diamond than there is in giving color to the rose. The "blush" of the one and the "blaze" of the other are equal as the result of effort, for each is of God's work and of God's will. Whatever may be the difference of their value in exchange, we know that a single rose in the hair of a fair young girl adds more to the adornment of her person than a string of diamonds. *Is* not the *blush* of an innocent, happy girl a more delicious thing to see than the *blaze* of the most profusely diamonded woman? And then, chemists now are said to be able to reduce the diamond to its primitive charcoal; but rose-leaves are still rose-leaves; though dead, their odor is a delicious memory of the bygone "time of roses." Girls should be like the flowers that adorn them—pure to the sight and sweet in memory. Bright, but impenetrably hard, diamonds teem with peril to their wearers. There is a charm in them, St. Ambrose says, which is not known to those who bear their yoke. Women who wear diamonds, said the saint, may be as bright and dazzling as the gems, but their hearts, assuredly, will grow as hard.

THE WAY BUTTER IS MADE IN NORMANDY.—"The cream is tied up in a canvas bag and then buried in a hole in the ground for twenty-five hours. At the end of this time it forms a hard mass, which is broken up with a wooden pestle, whereupon the buttermilk runs away. A small quantity of water is thrown on the butter to rinse the last portions of the milk away. The pounding and the washing only occupy two minutes, and, as the reader will see, the butter is made with less labor than in any churn yet invented. In the winter, when the ground is frozen, the cream is buried in sand placed for the purpose in cellars, and a double bag is sometimes employed to make sure of getting no sand or earth into the butter."

THE DOCTOR.—It is pleasant to record the fact that nearly every literary man or woman with whom I have been acquainted, or whose lives I have looked into, has found a generous and disinterested friend in a doctor. I could, of my own knowledge, tell many anecdotes of the sacrifices made to mercy by members of the profession; of continuous labors without a thought of recompense; of anxious days and nights by sick or dying beds, without the remotest idea of "fees." I may tell one—of a doctor, now himself gone home; it was related to me by Sir James Eyre, M.D. Unfortunately I have forgotten the name of the good physician; but there are, no doubt, many to whom the story will apply. Sir James called upon him—one morning when his career was but commencing—and saw his waiting-room thronged with patients. "Why," said he, "you must be getting on famously?" "Well, I suppose I am," was the answer; "but let me tell this fact to you. This morning I have seen eight patients; six of them gave me nothing—the seventh gave me a guinea, which I have just given to the eighth." Such a physician Providence sent to Thomas Hood.

AN ARABIAN LAUGHING PLANT.—For the first time I met with a narcotic plant, very common further south, and gifted with curious qualities. Its seeds, in which the deleterious principle seems chiefly to reside, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagances, till, after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the by-standers, he falls asleep, and on awaking has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual is a not uncommon joke; nor did I hear that it was ever followed by serious consequences, though an over-quantity might, perhaps, be dangerous. I myself tried it on two individuals, but in proportions, if not absolutely homeopathic, still sufficiently minute to keep on the safe side of risk, and witnessed its operation, laughable enough, but very harmless.

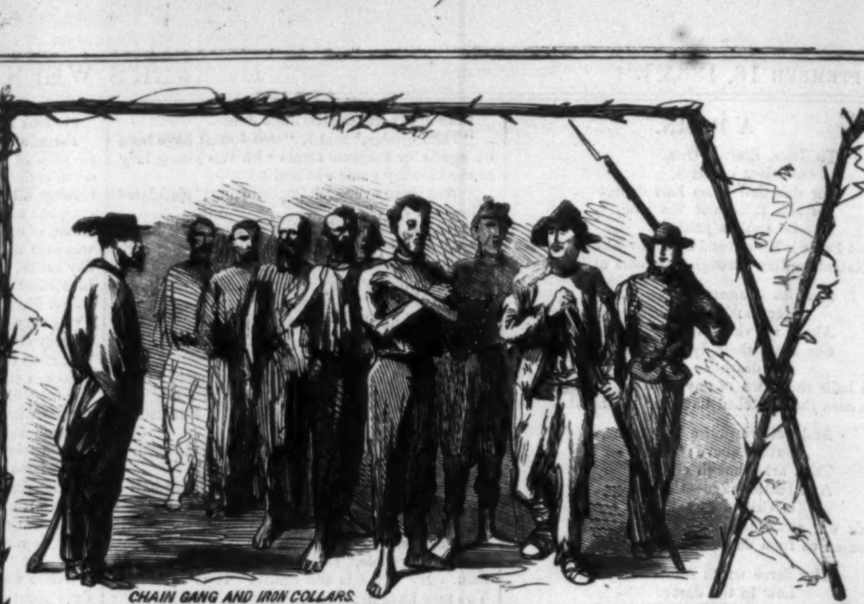
DISAPPOINTED LOVE.—To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness, it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupations, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life; she is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and abandoned, and left desolate.

THE SMILES THAT HIDE GRIEF.—Some one observed once to Dr. Johnson that it seemed strange that he, who so often delighted his company by his lively conversation, should say that he was miserable. "Alas! it is all outside," replied the sage; "I may be cracking my joke and cursing the sun. 'Sun, how I hate thy beams!'" Boswell appends a foot-note, in which he remarks that beyond doubt a man may appear very gay in company who is sad at heart. "His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in a battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying. It is well known that Cowper was in a morbidly despondent state when he penned "John Gilpin;" of which delectable ballad and its congeners he himself bears record: "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all." In the height of his ill-fortune, in 1826, Sir Walter Scott was ever giving vent, in his Diary or elsewhere, to some whimsical outburst or humorous sally; and after inditing an extra gay *jeu d'esprit* in his journal, just before leaving his dingy Edinburgh lodgings for Abbotsford, he follows it up next day by this bit of self-portraiture: "Any body would think, from the fal-de-ral conclusion of my journal of yesterday, that I left town in a very gay humor. But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy—I know not what to call it—that mingled even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distress strange snatches of mirth 'which have no mirth in them.'"

ANIMAL life, in all but the very lowest classes, depends on at least one, and, more commonly, on all of the four following principles: There must be affection, and it must be of four kinds: sexual, parental, filial, and social. The absolute deficiency of any one of these would be a serious hindrance, if not a bar, to the continuance of any race. Those who possessed all of them, in the strongest measure, would, speaking generally, have an advantage in the struggle for existence. Without sexual affection, there would be no marriages and no children; without parental affection, the children would be abandoned; without filial affection, they would stray and perish; and without the social, each individual would be single-handed against rivals who were capable of banding themselves into tribes. Affection for others as well as for self is therefore a necessary part of animal character. Disinterestedness is as essential to a brute's well-being as selfishness. No animal lives for itself alone, but also, at least occasionally, for its parent, its mate, its offspring, or its fellow. Companionship is frequently more grateful to an animal than abundant food. The safety of her young is considered by many a mother as a paramount object to her own. The passion for a mate is equally strong. The gregarious bird posts itself during its turn of duty as watchman on a tree, by the side of the feeding flock. Its zeal to serve the common cause exceeds its care to attend to its own interests.

A STILTED RACE.—The few inhabitants of the Landes are eminently a stilted race; for their stilts, instead of being mere playthings, form an integral part of the individual. To deprive a dweller in the Landes of his stilts would be like robbing an Esquimaux of his snow-shoes or a Swiss guide of his alpenstock. They are his only means of getting through the pools of water which would naturally drain into the sea were they not checked by a line of sand-hills. The *lanusquet*, mounted on his lofty *échasses*, runs with prodigious agility. There goes one as we rattle along! Perched on the top of his lofty poles, he seems as much at home with them as a wading bird is on his lanky legs. By the help of a stick of proportional length he clears inclosures, fences, walls, and ditches. In the morning, when the hour for starting arrives, he seats himself on the mantle-piece of his chimney or on the highest window-sill of his barn, and coolly rigs his legs with their seven-leagued boots. At rest in the plain, watching his flock, he appears to be sitting on the head of his walking-stick, while he knits a coarse brown woolen cap to replace the shabby one now on his head.

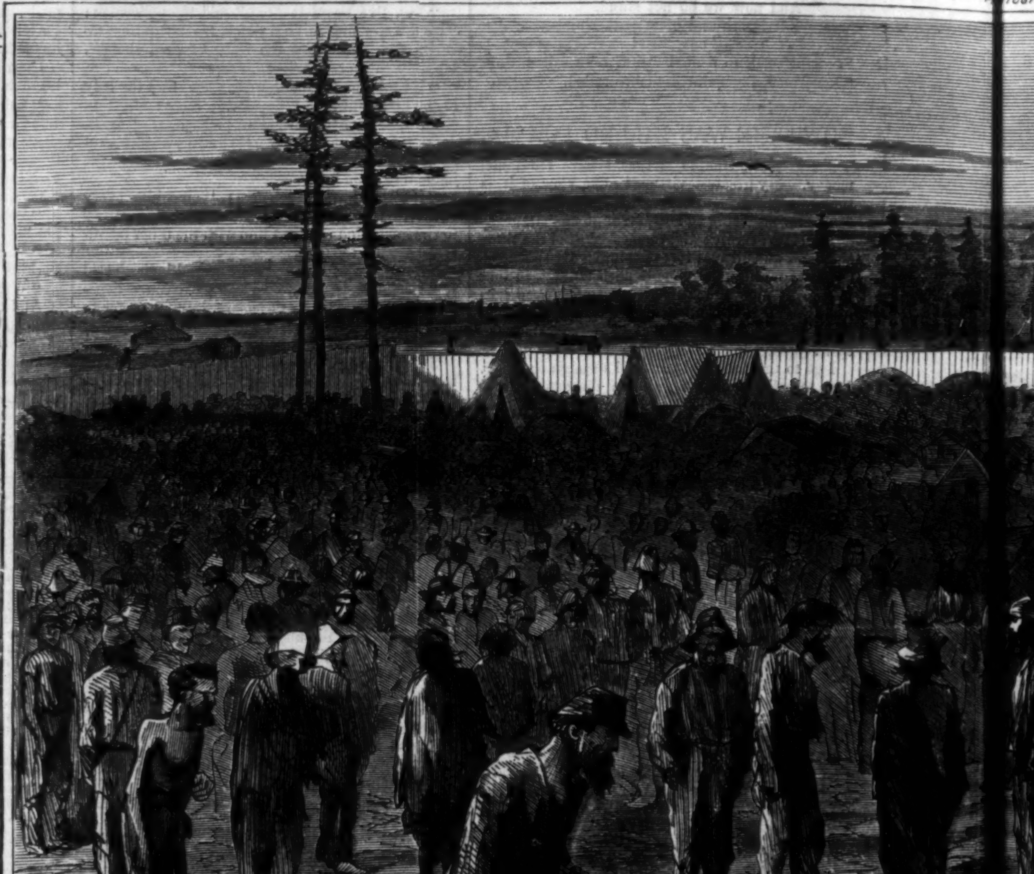
DOGS TEARING A PRISONER


CHAIN GANG AND IRON COLLARS.

CAPT. WIR L.
PHOTOG

FIGHTING FOR BONES

BALL & CHAIN.


SUNSET AT ANDERSONVILLE.

SHOT ON THE DEAD LINE FOR A PIECE OF MOULDY CAKE.

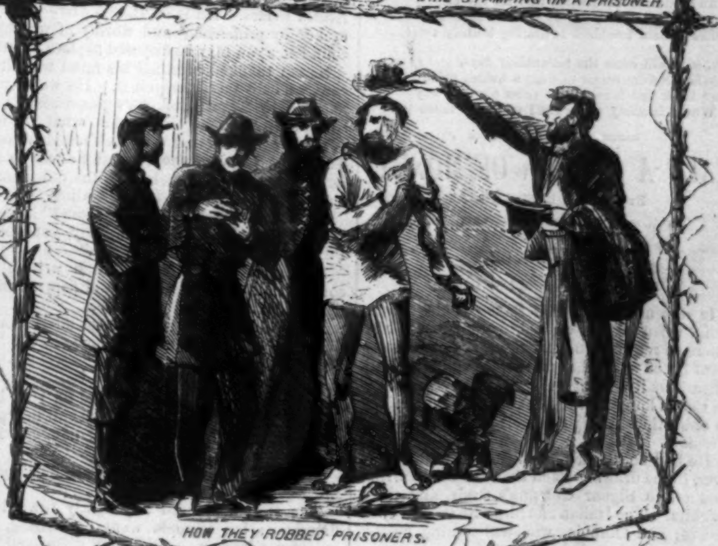
CAMP SUMPTER ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON SCENES, ILLUSTRATI

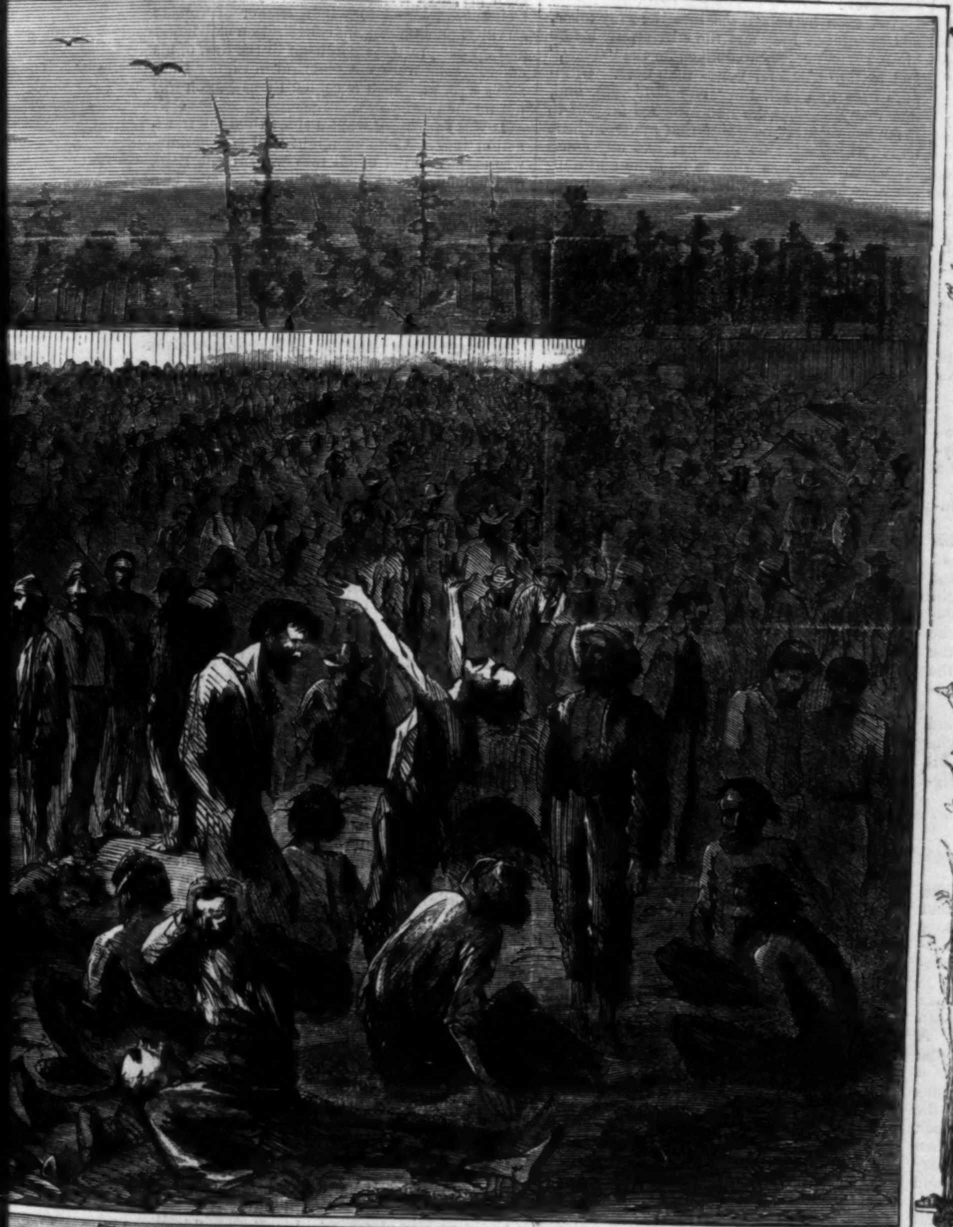
...RL.
...OTOGRAPH by GARDNER.

DRIVEN TO MADNESS

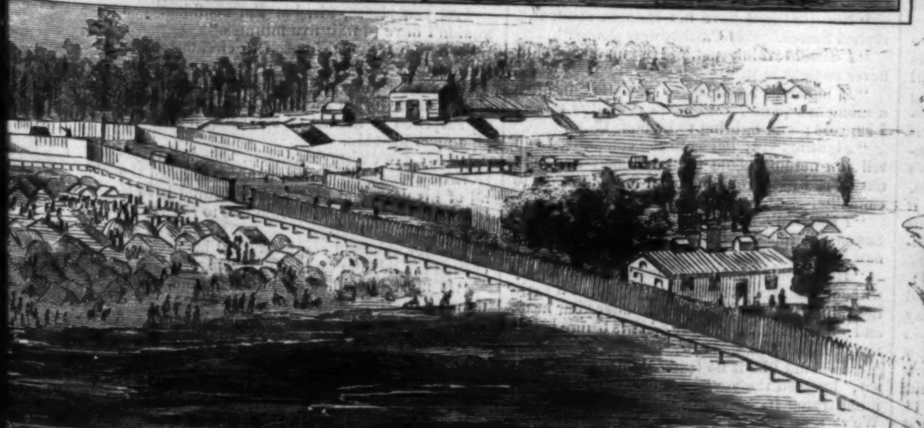
WIRZ STAMPING ON A PRISONER.



HOW THEY ROBBED PRISONERS.



CRAWLING TO THE SWAMP FOR WATER.



MUD BURROW.

...AIN WIRZ'S TRIAL.—[See Page 582.]

EARLY AUTUMN.

ALONG the brook the yellow golden reeds,
 With nodding plumes, stand idly swaying there;
Above the stream the summer's flying seeds,
 Like tuneless insects, fill the balmy air.

A golden light upon the mountain sleeps,
 His feet are hid in valley vapors yet;
The highland blackberry on the wooded steeps
 Wears its ripe berries of enameled jet.

The pearly clouds, becalmed within the sky,
 Edged with pale gold, like summer castles stand,
Seen in a vision by some dreamer's eye,
 Crowning the sunny slopes of fairy-land.

The gentle winds scarce stir the fading leaves,
 Scarce move the brown and withered clover heads;
And undisturbed the busy spider weaves,
 From bough to bough, her web of filmy threads.

Warm on the grass the brooding sunbeam lies;
 The wandering airs are filled with faint perfumes;
The gazer's eye along each ridge descries
 The upland sumach's crimson painted plumes.

Upon the topmost spray the blackbird sings,
 With mellow note, his silvery-throated song:
The drowsy bee, with purple gossamer wings,
 Hums his low, surly hymn the whole day long.

Idly I lie with half-shut, dreamful eyes,
 And listen to the sounds that fill the air—
The bee's low hum; the wind's melodious sighs;
 The wanton blackbird twittering blithely there.

Oh, soon will come the melancholy days,
 When Nature seems to wear a hidden grief,
And bleak and bare will be these pleasant ways,
 Where moaning winds shall whirl the faded leaf!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ART OF SELLING OUT.

IT was no wonder that Saxon could not be found when he was wanted, or that it was late before he returned to the house. His imprisonment lasted altogether more than an hour; and when Miss Rivière at length rose and went away, he took a long walk round in another direction, in order that he might be able to account for his absence.

He had no sooner made his appearance, however, in the drawing-room than the Earl carried him off to Signor Colonna's study, and there left him. The Italian met him with outstretched hands; and Olimpia, who was writing busily, looked up and smiled as he came in.

"What am I to say to you, Mr. Trefalden?" exclaimed Colonna. "How shall I thank you?"

"Pray don't mention it," said Saxon, shyly.

"How can I help mentioning it? An act of such munificence—"

"I should be so much obliged to you," interrupted Saxon, "if you would say nothing about it."

"You may compel me to silence, Mr. Trefalden; but every true heart in Italy will thank you."

"I hope not, because I don't deserve it. I did it to—to please Miss Colonna."

"Then I hope that you at least permitted her to thank you as you deserve to be thanked, Mr. Trefalden," said the Italian, as he glanced smilingly from the one to the other. "And now will you pardon me if I ask you a question?"

"I shall be happy to answer a thousand."

"You have given us your check for a very large sum," said Colonna, taking the paper from his desk, and glancing at it as he spoke. "For so large a sum that I have almost doubted whether your banker will cash it on presentation. It is unusual, at all events, for even millionaires like yourself, Mr. Trefalden, to keep so many loose thousands at their banker's. May I ask if you have given this a thought?"

Saxon stared hard at the check across the table, and wondered whether Olimpia had really doubled it or not; but the slope of the desk prevented him from seeing the figures distinctly.

"I have thought of it," he replied, with a troubled look, "and—and I am really afraid—"

"That your balance will be found insufficient to cover it," added Colonna, entering a brief memorandum on the margin of the check. "It is fortunate that I asked the question."

"I am very sorry," stammered Saxon.

"Why so? It is a matter of no importance."

"I was afraid—"

"I do not know, of course, how your money is placed," said Signor Colonna, "but I should suppose you will have no difficulty in transferring to Drummond's whatever amount may be necessary."

"It's in Government stock—that is, a great part of it," replied Saxon, mindful of the New Overland Route Railway and Steam Packet Company, Limited.

"Oh, then you will only have to sell out. Nothing easier."

Nothing easier, indeed! Poor Saxon!

"You may have to go up to town, however," added Colonna. "By-the-way, who is your stock-broker?"

But Saxon did not even know what a stock-broker was.

"My cousin manages my money for me," said he, "I must go to him about it."

"Mr. Trefalden of Chancery Lane?"

"Yes."

Signor Colonna and his daughter exchanged glances.

"I do not see that you need trouble your cousin this time," said the Italian, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why not?"

"Because a lawyer has nothing to do with the transfer of stock. He can only employ a stock-broker for you; and why should you not employ a stock-broker for yourself? It is more simple."

"I don't think my cousin William would like it," said Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Pray pardon me, but is it well that you should defer so much to his opinion? Might it not lead him to think himself privileged to establish some sort of censorship over your actions?"

Saxon was silent. He knew that his cousin had already established that censorship, and that he had submitted to it. But he did not feel inclined to acknowledge it.

"The present," said Signor Colonna, "is a case in point. Your cousin is no hearty friend to our cause. He never gave sixpence to Italy in his life, and he will surely regard this noble gift of yours from an adverse point of view. Why then place the matter before him. If he disapproved you would not withdraw your donation—"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Saxon, hastily.

"And you would offend him if you persisted. Be advised by me, my dear Mr. Trefalden, and act for yourself."

"But I do not know how to act for myself," said Saxon.

"I will put you in the way of all that. I will introduce you to my friend Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars. He is an Italian Jew—a stock-broker by profession—and worthy of whatever confidence you may be disposed to place in him."

Saxon thanked him, but his mind was ill at ease, and his face betrayed it. He was sorely tempted by Signor Colonna's proposition. He shrunk from telling his cousin what he had done, and he knew that William Trefalden would be ten times more annoyed than he was by the Greatorex transaction; but, on the other hand, he abhorred deceit and double-dealing.

"But won't it seem sly to William?" he said, presently. "I won't do what's sly, you know. I'd put up with any thing sooner."

Signor Colonna, who had been writing his countryman's address on a slip of paper, looked up at this and laid his pen aside.

"My dear Sir," he said, "I but advise you to do as other gentlemen do in your position. No lawyer does stock-broker's work."

"That may be, and yet—"

"You might as reasonably send for your lawyer if you were ill. He could but call in a physician to cure you, as he would now call in a stock-broker to sell your stock."

"I wish I knew what I ought to do!" ejaculated Saxon.

The Italian glanced impatiently toward his daughter; but Olimpia went on writing, and would not look up. She knew quite well that her father wanted her to throw in the weight of her influence, but she had resolved to say nothing. The great work was hers to do, and she had done it; but she would not stoop to the less. So Colonna went back, unaided, to the charge, and argued till Saxon was, if not convinced, at least persuaded.

And then it was arranged that Saxon and Vaughan should go up to town together on the following day—the millionaire to draw out his money, and the dragoon to dispose of it as Signor Colonna might direct.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHAT HAPPENED THE EVENING BEFORE.

THE morning was cold and gray, quite unlike the glowing golden mornings by which it had been preceded for the last fortnight, as Saxon Trefalden and Major Vaughan sped up to London by the fast train that left Sedgebrook station at 9.45.

They were alone in the compartment, sitting silently face to face, each busy with his own thoughts. The landscape was dull outside. A low mist shrouded the pleasant Surrey hills, the steam hung in the damp air for a quarter of a mile behind the flying train, and the plumy elms that came in places almost to the verge of the line looked ghost-like and shadowy. It was such a day as French authors love to describe when they write of England and the English—a day when the air is heavy and the sky is gray, and Sir Smith (young, rich, handsome, but devoured with the spleen) goes out and cuts his throat on Primrose Hill.

Dreary as the day was, however, these two travelers were no less dreary. Saxon's thoughts were troubled enough, and Vaughan's were all gloom and bitterness. As he sat there, knitting his brows, gnawing the ends of his long mustache, and staring down at the mat between his feet, he was going over something that happened the evening before in Lady Castletowers's drawing-room—going over it, word for word, look for look, just as it happened—going over it for the hundredth time, and biting it into his memory deeper and sharper with every repetition.

This was what it was, and how it happened:

Dinner was over, coffee had been handed round, and Major Vaughan had made his way to a quiet corner under a lamp, where Olimpia sat reading. He remembered quite well how the light fell on her face from above, and how she looked up with a pleasant smile as he sat down beside her.

They fell into conversation. He asked first if he might be forgiven for disturbing her, and then if she had any commands for Italy. To which she replied that her only commands concerned himself; that he should fight bravely, as, indeed, she had no need to tell so daring a soldier, and come back safe when the cause was won. Whereupon the thing that he had resolved never to say rose all at once to his lips, and he asked if there would be any hope for him when this had come to pass.

"Hope?" she repeated. "Hope of what, Major Vaughan?"

And then, in a few strong, earnest words, he told her how he loved her, and how, to win her, he would endure and dare all things; but she, looking at him with a sort of sad surprise, replied that it could never be.

He had never dreamed that it could be. He had told himself a thousand times that he was mad to love her; that he should be ten times more mad to declare his love; and yet, now that the words were spoken, he could not bring himself to believe that they had been spoken in vain.

So, with an eager trembling of the voice that he could not control, though he strove hard to do so, he asked if time would make no difference; and she answered, very gently and sadly, but very firmly, "None."

None! He remembered the very tone in which she said it—the dropping of her voice at the close of the word—the sigh that followed it. He remembered, also, how he sat looking at her hands as they rested, lightly clasped together, on the volume in her lap—how white and slender they showed against the purple binding—and how, when all was said, he longed to take them in his own, and kiss them once at parting. Well, it was said, and done, and over now—all over!

And then he looked out into the gray mists, and thought of Italy and the stirring life before him. He had never cared much for the "cause," and he now cared for it less than ever. Olimpia's eyes had been the "cause" to him, and, like many another, he had attached himself to it for her sake alone. But that mattered little now. He needed excitement; and any cause for which there was work to be done and danger to be encountered would have been welcome to him.

In the mean while, Saxon, sitting in the opposite corner, had his own troubles to think about. He was not at all satisfied with himself, in the first place, for the part he was playing toward his cousin. He could not divest himself of the idea that he was doing something "sly;" and that idea was intolerable to him. In the second place, he was not quite comfortable with regard to Miss Colonna. He had not begun exactly to question himself about the nature of his admiration for her, or even to speculate upon the probable results of that admiration; but he had become suddenly aware of the extent of her power, and was startled at finding to what lengths he might be carried by his desire to please her. William Trefalden had said that she was capable of asking him to take the command of a troop; but a vague consciousness of how Olimpia was capable of asking him to do a great deal more than that had dawned by this time upon Saxon's apprehension.

And then, besides all this, he could not help thinking of his adventure in the mausoleum, and of the strange interview that he had involuntarily witnessed between Lady Castletowers and Miss Rivière. The girl's sorrowful young face haunted him. He wanted to help her; and he wanted advice as to the best way of helping her. Above all, he wanted to penetrate the mystery of her claim on Lady Castletowers. He would have given any thing to have been able to talk these things over with the Earl; but that, after what he had heard, was, of course, impossible. So he pondered and puzzled, and at last made up his mind that he would consult his cousin on the subject while he was up in town.

Thus, absorbed each in his own thoughts, the two men sped on, face to face, without exchanging a syllable. They might probably have continued their journey in silence to the end, if, somewhere about half-way between Sedgebrook Station and Waterloo Bridge, Saxon had not chanced to look up and find his companion's eyes fixed gloomily upon him.

"Well," said he, with a surprised laugh, "why do you look at me in that portentous way? What have I done?"

"Nothing particularly useful that I am aware of, my dear fellow," replied the dragoon. "The question is not what you *have* done, but what you *may* do. I was wondering whether you mean to follow my example."

"In what respect?"

"In respect of Italy, of course. Are you intending to join Garibaldi's army?"

"No—that is, I have not thought about it," replied Saxon. "Is Castletowers going?"

"I should think not. His mother would never consent to it."

"If he went, I would go," said Saxon, after a moment's pause. "There's camp-life to see, I suppose; and fighting to be done?"

"Fighting, yes; but as to the camp-life, I can tell you nothing about that. I fancy the work out there will be rough enough for some time to come."

"I shouldn't mind how rough it was," said Saxon, his imagination warming rapidly to this new idea.

"How would you like to march a whole day without food, sleep on the bare ground in a soaking rain, with only a knapsack under your head, and get up at dawn to fight a battle before breakfast?" asked Vaughan.

"I should like it no better than others, I dare say," laughed the young man; "but I shouldn't mind trying it. I wish Castletowers could go. We've been planning to make a tour together by-and-by; but a Sicilian campaign would be a hundred times better."

"If he were as free as yourself, Castletowers would be off with me to-morrow morning," said Vaughan; and then his brow darkened again as he remembered how not only Saxon, whom he suspected of admiring Olimpia Colonna, but the Earl, of whose admiration he had no doubt whatever, would both remain behind, free to woo or win her, if they could, when he was far away.

It was not a pleasant reflection, and at that moment the rejected lover felt that he hated them both, cordially.

"Which route do you take?" asked Saxon, all unconscious of what was passing in his companion's mind.

"The most direct, of course—Dover, Calais, and Marseilles. I shall be in Genoa by eight or nine o'clock on Sunday evening."

"And I at Castletowers."

"How is that?" said Vaughan, sharply, "I thought you said your time was up yesterday?"

"So it was; but Castletowers has insisted that I shall prolong my visit by another week, and so I go back this evening. How we shall miss you at dinner!"

But to this civility the Major responded only by a growl.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WILLIAM TREFALDEN EXPLAINS THE THEORY OF LEGAL FICTIONS.

SIGNOR NAZZARI was a tall, spare, spider-like Italian, who exercised the calling of a stock and share broker, and rented a tiny office under a dark arch in the midst of that curious web of passages known as Austin Friars. He had been prepared for Saxon's visit by a note from Colonna, and met him in a tremor of voluble servility, punctuating his conversation with bows, and all but prostrating himself in the dust of his office. Flies were not plentiful in Signor Nazzari's web, and such a golden fly as Saxon was not meshed every day.

It was surprising what a short time the transaction took. Colonna might well say nothing was easier. First of all they went to the Bank of England, where Saxon signed his name in a great book, after which they returned to Austin Friars and waited while Signor Nazzari went somewhere to fetch the money; and then he came back with a pocket-book full of bank-notes secured round his neck by a steel chain—and the thing was done.

Thereupon Major Vaughan solemnly tore up Saxon's check in the stock-broker's presence, and received the value thereof in crisp new Bank of England paper.

"And now, Trefalden," said he, "fare you well till we meet in Italy."

"I've not made up my mind yet, remember," replied Saxon, smiling.

"Make it up at once and go with me in the morning."

"No, no; that is out of the question."

"Well, at all events, don't put it off till the fun is all over. If you come, come while there's something to be done."

"Trust me for that," replied Saxon, with a somewhat heightened color. "I won't share the feasting if I haven't shared the fighting. Good-by."

"Good-by."

And with this, having traversed together the mazes of Austin Friars and emerged upon the great space in front of the Exchange, they shook hands and parted.

Saxon turned his face westward and went down Cheapside on foot—he was going to Chancery Lane, but he was in no hurry to reach his destination. He walked slowly, paused every now and then to look in a shop-window, and took a turn round St. Paul's. He pretended to himself that he went in to glance at Nelson's monument; but he had seen Nelson's monument twice before, and he knew in his heart that he cared very little about it. At length inexorable fate brought him to his cousin's door; so he went up the dingy stairs, feeling very guilty, and hoping not to find the lawyer at home. On the first landing he met Mr. Keckwitch with his hat on. It was just one o'clock, and that respectable man was going to his dinner.

"Mr. Trefalden is engaged, Sir, with a client," said the head clerk, to Saxon's immense relief.

"Oh, then you can say that I called, if you please," replied he, turning about with great alacrity.

"But I think the gentleman will be going directly, Sir, if you wouldn't mind taking a seat in the office," added Mr. Keckwitch.

"I—perhaps I had better try to come by-and-by," said Saxon, reluctantly.

"As you please, Sir, but I'm confident you wouldn't have to wait five minutes."

So Saxon resigned himself to circumstances, and waited.

The clerks were all gone to dinner, with the exception of Gorkin the red-headed, whom Saxon surprised in the act of balancing a tobacco-pipe upon his chin.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," laughed he, as Gorkin, overwhelmed with confusion, lifted the lid of his desk and disappeared behind it as if he had been shot. "I should like to see you do that again."

The boy emerged cautiously, till his eyes just cleared the lid, but he made no reply.

"It must be difficult," added Saxon, good-naturedly trying to put him at his ease.

"It ain't so difficult as standing on your head to drink a pint of porter," said the boy, mysteriously.

"Why, no—I should suppose not. Can you do that also?"

The boy nodded.

"I can put half a crown in my mouth and bring it out of my ears in small change," said he. "If I'd half a crown handy I'd show you the trick."

Saxon's fingers were instantly in his waistcoat pocket, and the half-crown would have changed owners on the spot, but for the sudden opening of William Trefalden's private door.

"Then you will write to me, if you please," said a deep voice; but the owner of the voice, who seemed to be holding the door on the other side, remained out of sight.

"You may expect to hear from me, Mr. Behrens, the day after to-morrow," replied the lawyer.

"And Lord Castletowers quite understands that the mortgage *must* be foreclosed on the tenth of next month?"

"I have informed him so."

"*Must*, Mr. Trefalden. Remember that. I can allow no grace. Twenty thousand of the money will have to go direct to the Worcestershire agent, as you know; and the odd five will be wanted for repairs, building, and so forth. It's imperative—quite imperative."

"I am fully aware of your necessity for the money, Mr. Behrens," was the reply, uttered in William Trefalden's quietest tone; "and I have duly impressed that fact upon his lordship. I have no doubt that you will be promptly paid."

"Well, I hope so, for his sake. Good-morning, Mr. Trefalden."

"Good-morning."

And with this Mr. Behrens came out into the office, followed by the lawyer, who almost started at the sight of his cousin.

"You here, Saxon!" he said, having seen his client to the top of the stairs. "I thought you were at Castletowers."

It would have taken a keener observer than Saxon to discover that the wish was father to Mr. Trefalden's thought; but there could be no doubt of the relationship.

"Well, so I am, in one sense," replied the young man. "I'm only in town for the day."

"And what brings you to town only for the day? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh no—nothing at all. I—that is, you—"

And Saxon, unpracticed in the art of equivocation, floundered helplessly about in search of a reason that should be true, and yet not the truth.

"You want to consult me about something, I suppose," said the lawyer, observant of his perplexity. "Come into my room and tell me all about it."

So they went into the private room, and William Trefalden closed the double doors.

"First of all, Saxon," said he, laying his hand impressively on the young man's shoulder, "I must ask you a question. You saw that client of mine just now, and you heard him allude to certain matters of business as he went out?"

"I did," replied Saxon; "and I was sorry—"

"One moment, if you please. You heard him mention the name of Lord Castletowers?"

"Yes."

"Then I must request you on no account to mention that circumstance to the Earl. It is a matter in which he is not concerned, and of which there is no need to inform him."

"But it seemed to me that he owed twenty-five thousand—"

William Trefalden smiled and shook his head.

"No, no," said he; "nothing of the kind. It is a simple transfer of capital—a private transaction in which the Earl's name has been incidentally used; but only his name. He has nothing to do with it, personally—nothing whatever."

"But—"

"But you heard only the end of a conversation, my dear fellow, and you misunderstood the little you did hear. You understand that this is not to be repeated?"

"Yes—I understand," replied Saxon, doubtfully.

"And I have your promise to observe my request?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I don't doubt *you*, cousin William," he said, bluntly; "though, of course, you know that without my telling you. But I don't know how to doubt my own ears, either. I heard that big, cross-looking old fellow distinctly say that Castletowers must pay him twenty-five thousand pounds by the tenth of next month. What can that mean, if not—"

"Listen to me for three minutes, Saxon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden, good-humoredly. "You have heard of such things as legal fictions?"

"Yes; but I don't understand what they are."

"Well—legal fictions are legally defined as 'things that have no real essence in their own body, but are acknowledged and accepted in law for some especial purpose.'"

"I don't understand that either."

"I should be surprised if you did," replied his cousin, with a pleasant smile; "but I will try to explain it to you. In law, as in other things, my dear fellow, we are occasionally glad to adopt some sort of harmless hypothesis in order to arrive at conclusions which would otherwise cost more time and trouble than they are worth. Thus, when a legal contract is made at sea, the deed is dated from London, or Birmingham, or any inland place, in order to draw what is called the cognizance of the suit from the Courts of Admiralty to the Courts of Westminster. Again, a plaintiff who brings an action into the Court of Exchequer fictitiously alleges himself to be the Queen's debtor. He is not the Queen's debtor. He owes the Queen no more than you owe her; but he must make use of that expedient to bring himself under the jurisdiction of that particular court."

"What intolerable nonsense!" exclaimed Saxon.

"One more instance. Till within the last eight years or so, the law of ejectment was founded on a tissue of legal fictions, in which an imaginary man called John Doe lodged a complaint against another imaginary man called Richard Roe, neither of whom ever existed in any mortal form whatever. What do you say to that?"

"I say, cousin, that if I were a lawyer, I should be ashamed of a system made up of lies like that!" replied Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden flung himself into his arm-chair, and laughed.

"I won't have you abuse our legal fictions in that way," he said. "These little things are the romance of law, and keep our imaginations from drying up."

"They ought not to be necessary," said Saxon, who could not see the amusing side of John Doe and Richard Roe.

"I grant you that. They have their origin, no doubt, in some defect of the law. But then we are not blessed with a Code Napoleon; and perhaps we should not like it if we were. Such as our laws are, we must take them, and be thankful. They might be a great deal worse, depend on it."

"Then is it a legal fiction that Castletowers owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds?" asked Saxon.

William Trefalden winced. He had hoped that the wool-stapler's name would have escaped Saxon's observation; but it had done nothing of the kind. Saxon remembered every word clearly enough; names, dates, amount of money, and all.

"Precisely," replied the lawyer. "Lord Castletowers no more owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds than you do. He would be a ruined man at this moment, Saxon, if he did."

"He does not behave like a ruined man," said Saxon.

"Of course not. He would not be filling his house with guests and giving balls, if he were. So now all's explained, and I have your promise."

Saxon looked earnestly in his cousin's face. He fancied that no man could look another in the face and tell a lie. Many persons entertain that belief; but a more mistaken notion does not exist. Your practiced liar makes a point of staring into his hearer's eyes, and trusts to that very point for half the effect of his lie. But Saxon would not have believed this had an angel told him so. Therefore he looked in his cousin's face for evidence—and therefore, when William Trefalden gave him back his look with fearless candor, his doubts were at once dispelled, and he promised unhesitatingly.

"That's well," said the lawyer. "And now, Saxon, sit down and tell me what you have come to say."

"It's a long story," replied Saxon.

"I am used to hearing long stories."

"But I am not used to telling them; and I hardly know where to begin. It's about a lady."

"About a lady?" repeated William Trefalden; and Saxon could not but observe that his cousin's voice was by no means indicative of satisfaction.

"In fact," added the young man, hastily, "it's about two or three ladies."

Mr. Trefalden held up his hands.

"Two or three ladies!" said he. "How shocking! Is Miss Colonna one of them?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied Saxon, emphatically—perhaps a little too emphatically. And then he plunged into his story, beginning at his first meeting with Miss Rivière at the Waterloo Bridge station, and ending with the adventure in the mausoleum.

Mr. Trefalden heard him to the end very patiently, putting in a question now and then, and piecing the facts together in his mind as they were brought before him. At length Saxon came to a pause, and said:

"That's all, cousin; and now I want you to tell me what I can do."

"What do you want to do?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to help them, of course."

"Well, you have the young lady's address. Send her a check for fifty pounds."

"She wouldn't take it if I did. No, no, cousin William, that's not the way. It must be done much more cleverly. I want them to have money regularly—twice a year, you know—enough to keep her poor mother in Italy, and pay the doctor's bills, and all that."

"But this annuity from Lady Castletowers—"

"Lady Castletowers is as hard and cold as marble," interrupted Saxon, indignantly. "*I* had rather starve than take a penny from her. If you had heard how grudgingly she promised that miserable twenty pounds!"

"I never supposed that her ladyship had a hand open as day, for melting charity," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Charity!" echoed Saxon.

"Besides, I doubt that it *is* charity. There must be some claim— Surely I have heard the name of Rivière in connection with the Wynncliffs or the Pierrepoints—and yet— Pshaw! if Keckwitch were here he could tell me in a moment."

And Mr. Trefalden leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"I wish you could suggest a way by which I might do something for them," said Saxon. "I want them to get it, you see, without knowing where it comes from."

"That makes it difficult," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And yet it must not seem like alms-giving."

"More difficult still."

"I thought, if it were possible to give her some sort of commission," said Saxon, doubtfully; "a commission for colored photographs of the Italian coast, you know. Would that do?"

"It is not a bad idea," replied the lawyer. "It might do, if skillfully carried out; but I think I hear Keckwitch in the office."

And then Mr. Trefalden went in search of his head clerk, leaving Saxon to amuse himself as well as he could with the dingy map and the still more dingy law books.

At the end of a long half hour he came back with a paper of memoranda in his hand.

"Well?" said Saxon, who was tired to death of his solitary imprisonment.

"Well; I believe I know all that is to be learned up to a certain point; and I have, at all events, found out who your railway heroine is. It's a somewhat romantic story, but you must sit down and listen patiently while I relate it."

WAITING.

WAITING many a lonesome hour,
  Waiting ever, aye for thee,
Till the sunbeams on the tower
  Slant and fade from off the lea,
Till all light from maiden's bower
  Slips into a hazy sea.

Waiting while the snow-drop springeth,
  Piercing through the ice-bound sod,
Waiting while the summer bringeth
  Flowers, fair off'rings to her God;
While the sun of autumn flingeth
  Golden gleams, and corn-fields nod.

Waiting while cold winter stealeth
  O'er the sunshine-loving earth,
Waiting while the Yule bell pealeth
  Sounds of blessèd joy and mirth;
Waiting until Time revealeth
  To my soul of bliss the birth.

Waiting while *my* spring is waning,
  Melting into summer days;
Waiting, only patience gaining,
  No reward, no meed of praise;
Waiting, till of life remaining
  There will be but faintest rays.

Waiting? What reck I of waiting
  Days and months and years maybe?
If Time only is creating
  In thy breast more love for me,
Then am I far overrating
  Life-long years of misery.

Youth and love shall not be hoarded,
  I can *wait*, and war with strife,
If to me may be accorded
  One brief hour through all my life,
When—(and oh! how well rewarded)
  I may hear thee call me—"*wife*."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BOY at a presbytery examination was asked "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," he replied. "Quite right, Tommy; you're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy gave no reply, but on being pressed for an answer, at last said "No." "Why, Tommy?" Tommy replied, "For fear I might be born a lassie."

"I say, Sambo, where you get de shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Dat's right." "How you get dem, den?" "Well, I saw on a card in de window 'Collar Studs,' so I went in and collar'd dem."

THE LOST PLEIAD.—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Sheffield paper:

FOR SALE—SIX PRESSING VICES.

Are these the same as the Seven Deadly Sins; and if so, where is the missing one?

Out West the young ladies keep a light burning in the parlor to a late hour on Sunday night, to "make believe" they've caught a beau.

Sydney Smith, passing a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing-master, applying to a friend as to what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered, "I think you can not do better than follow the *steps of your father*."

Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water and put it into a wash-tub, take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover." "This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

THE CROOK.—"My dear friends," said a returned missionary, at one of the late anniversary meetings, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it in splints, yet you can not get the *crook* out of it.' Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which can not be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to *wag his own peculiarity in peace!*"

OUR EYES!—A young lady who let her lids drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman is anxious to recover them, and offers a handsome reward for their restoration. A nautical gentleman of her acquaintance assures her that they could not have been properly lashed or they would not have been lost.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from?

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry?" "Oh, it has been *crossed* so often."

LINES TO MY UMBRELLA.

Ah! what is that companion dumb
That autumn, winter, spring, or sum-
Mer I should always have? My um-
  Berella!

But ah! too oft when showers come,
What is't, as Yankees say, "at hum"
That I have left behind? My um-
  Berella!

What does too oft a loan become
To friends whose honesty is numb?
(Friendship meets no return) My um-
  Berella!

Henceforth, then, foul or fair, by gum!
Whether or no they hoist the drum,
I'll never part from thee, my um-
  Berella!

Henceforth, too, I'll my latest crumb,
My latest drop, my fortune's sum,
Give to my friend—but not my um-
  Berella!

THE STANDARD OF JUDGMENT.—Judge a man by his actions; a poet by his eye; a lawyer by his leer; a player by his strut; an Irishman by his swagger; an Englishman by his rotundity; a Scotchman by his shrug; a justice by his frown; a great man by his modesty; a tailor by his agility; and a woman by her neatness.

A forty-day husband, on whom the memory of the honey-moon already seems to have become powerless, wants to know why his wife is like a small pie. Do you give it up?—Because, says the unfeeling wretch, she is *now a little tart*.

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady remarked, as she followed her beau to the door who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

It doesn't follow that, because we have taken a perilous step, we ought to retrace it. She wasn't a wise old woman who crossed a bridge, and, on being told that it was labeled "dangerous," turned, and recrossed it in all haste.

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask?" "'Cause Captain Jones caught hold of her, and said he was going to take honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste.'"

A COMMON ORNAMENT.—"Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house." "Pooh, that's nothin'," rejoined the other; "papa's going to get a *mortgage* on ours."

What is the difference between a couple of Mermaids and Summer and Autumn?—The former are two Sea-daughters and the latter two Sea-sons.

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

Adam, in his capacity of gardener, was undoubtedly the inventor of the well-known phrase "the dig-nity of labor."

A BLOCKHEAD.—"What a fine head your boy has?" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block—ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father, teacher said yesterday that I was a young block-head."

It is a question for the consideration of the medical faculty, whether patients suffering from a deficiency of iron in the blood might not be benefited by the use of steel punches as an habitual beverage.

A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been *brought up by the police* seldom turns out respectable.

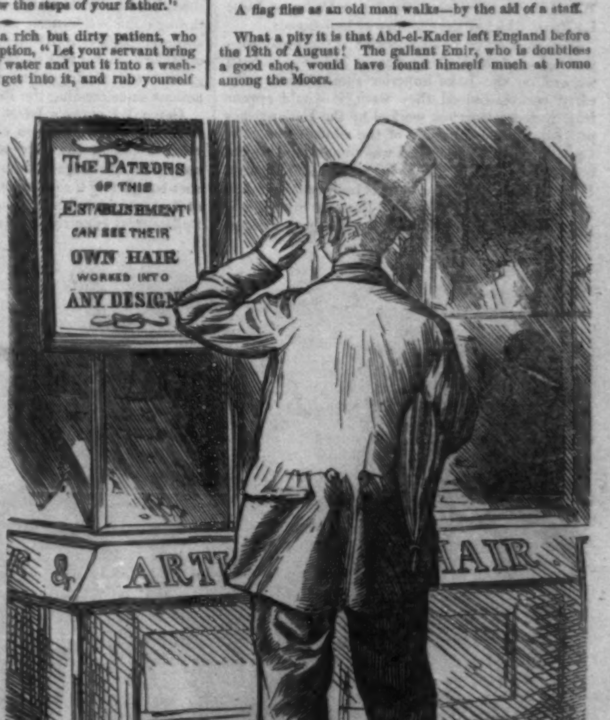
"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the *mate* (meat)."

A DIFFICULT TEST.—A woman in St. Louis killed her husband because he pulled her hair. It is sometimes difficult for a husband to tell whose hair he is pulling when he clutches that on his wife's head.

Somebody has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the night than in the daytime. A photographer has missed several from the frames that hang by his door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.

A flag flies as an old man walks—by the aid of a staff.

What a pity it is that Abd-el-Kader left England before the 12th of August! The gallant Emir, who is doubtless a good shot, would have found himself much at home among the Moors.



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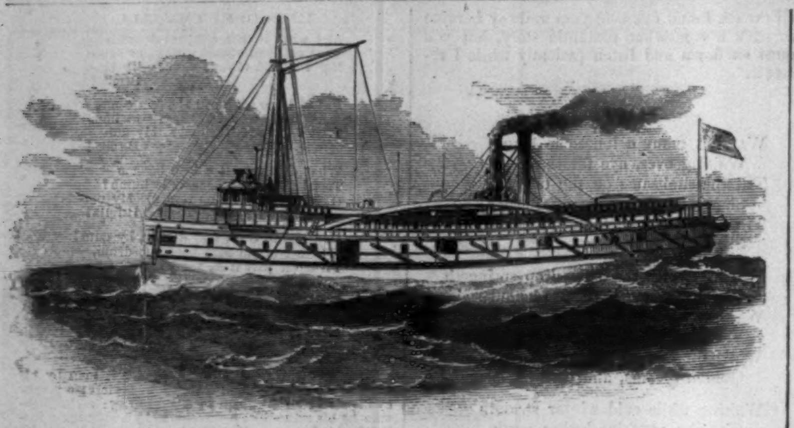


PROPELLER "IRONSIDES," LAKE SUPERIOR.

VIEWS ABOUT LAKE SUPERIOR.

We give on this page several views of the Lake Superior region, which has lately become an object of great interest, both on account of the novel features presented to tourists, and on account of the extent and value of its mineral resources. Among our illustrations are two views of the Pillared Caves, and a sketch of Munusing Falls, opposite Grand Island.

The Pillared Caves are near Grand Island and in the woods about forty rods from the lake shore. The base of the caves are 20 feet above the present level of the lake. There is a heavy forest separating them from the shore. The theory of their formation is, that by subterranean action of a volcanic nature a harder species of rock was forced up through a softer species. Since this event, by the action of water (for it is supposed that formerly the lake was 20 feet higher than at present) the soft rock has been worn away, leaving the hard pillars and the adamantine roof above.

OLD THUNDER, A CHIPPEWAY INDIAN.

Munusing Falls, opposite Grand Island, are 80 feet high. Two hundred persons can be comfortably seated back of the falls without getting wet. We also give a view of the Sugar Camp of Jack La Pete, Chief of the Chippeway half-breeds.

The vicinity of Lake Superior is the great copper region of the United States. Mines have been worked on the Lake Superior shore from a very early period—indeed they were, it would appear from recent researches, worked by the Indian tribes previous to the intrusion of the white race. Before 1842 the neighborhood was remote and almost inaccessible, known only to fur traders and hunters. From that time the country has been rapidly taken up by adventurers from the Eastern States, and great progress has been made in mining operations. The productive region is limited to the range of the trap hills, which commence at Keweenaw Point and recede southwestwardly in a belt about two miles wide. The strata of the trap rocks dip toward the north and disappear beneath the lake. On Isle Royale, 45 miles north, a similar group emerges from the lake, so that the latter appears to be a basin in these ancient strata.

MAJOR-GENERAL POTTER.

Major-General Robert B. Potter entered the service in 1861 as Major of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers—"Shepard Rifles." His first engagement was at Roanoke Island, where he led, in the assault, the first detachment of troops that entered the enemy's works; he was wounded at Newbern, where, after having been shot through the hip, he directed operations for four hours, leaning on his sword. When recovered, he took command of his regiment, and led it through the campaign in Virginia, under Pope, serving with great distinction at Cedar Mountain, Manassas Plains, Chantilly, etc. Then, conducting it into Maryland, he took a very efficient part in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. In the latter it was the Fifty-first New York, led by Colonel Potter, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, led by Colonel (now Major-General) Hartranft, which, at last, carried the famous "Stone Bridge," over Antietam Creek, in the face of one of the most terrific fires of the war. Here General Potter was again wounded, but continued to lead his regiment throughout the campaign; and, at Fredericksburg, he had already established so high a character for cool daring that, when it was represented to the General commanding the army (Major-General Burnside) that some service which he wished rendered could not be performed, he replied: "I know a man who will do it. Send for Potter and the Fifty-first New York!"

Shortly after this Colonel Potter was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and ordered to the West; and while there he presided over the court-martial before which Vallandigham was tried. Subsequently, having been placed in command of the Second Division of the Ninth Corps, then commanded by the amiable and able General Parke, he served, with his usual success, at the siege of Vicksburg and at the taking of Jackson. Thence he passed to the command of the Corps, and with it successfully fought Longstreet through Tennessee, and sustained the siege of Knoxville. When the Ninth Corps was transferred to the East, and reorganized as a separate army, General Potter returned to his Division, which he led, under Grant, through the Wilderness, on to Petersburg—having borne a conspicuous part in every battle. His brevet of Major-General was conferred in June, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services in the several actions since crossing the Rapidan."

General Potter's latest service was at Petersburg, where his Division carried the centre of the rebel works in the successful assault last April; and after the lodgment had been effected he was shot completely through the body. The wound was at first considered mortal, and President Lincoln, feeling great concern for his recovery, went specially to visit him. It is a pleasure to announce that he is now quite recovered, and occupies a prominent position in the Military Department of the East.

At the outbreak of the rebellion General Potter was a successful lawyer in New York. He is a son of the late Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, and a grandson of the venerable Doctor Nott, the distinguished President of Union College.

JACK LA PETE'S SUGAR CAMP.

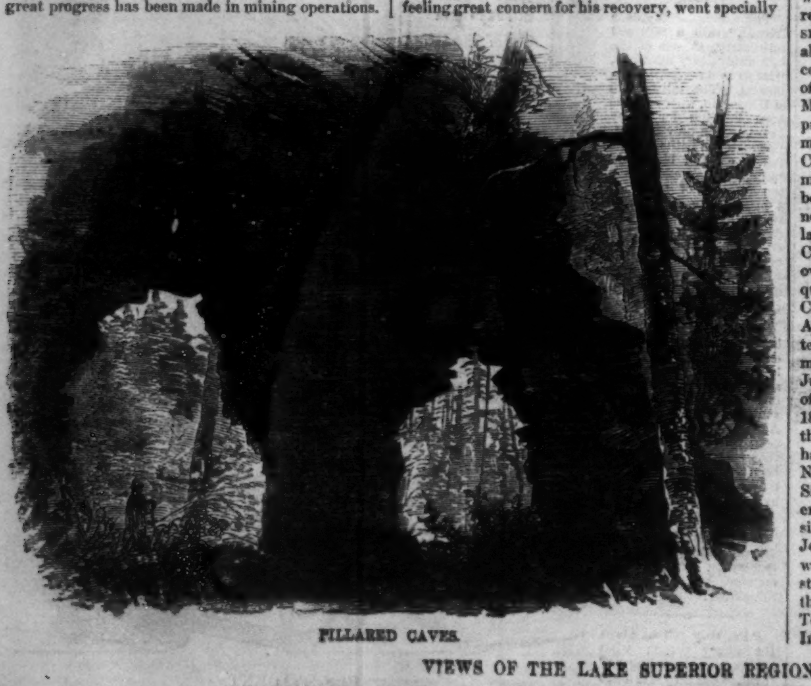
GEN. PARKE.

Major-General John G. Parke, military commander of this city, was born in Pennsylvania in 1827. He graduated at West Point in 1849, with the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. He was second in his class, General Gillmore being the first. His duties previous to the Rebellion were mainly in the West and Southwest. In New Mexico he was for some time on the staff of Colonel Monroe, who commanded in that Territory. Previously he had held in succession the Secretaryship of the Light-house and River and Harbor Improvements Board. In 1857 he was chief astronomer and surveyor of the Northwest Boundary Commission. In August, 1861, he returned to Washington, and was promoted to a Captaincy in his corps of Engineers. About the same time he was appointed to a Captaincy of the Thirteenth Regiment of Regulars; and on November 23, 1861, to a Brigadier-Generalship of Volunteers.

PILLARED CAVES.

General Parke's first popularity was gained in connection with the Burnside Expedition, of which he commanded the Third Brigade. He distinguished himself in the battle of Roanoke Island, and the next month at Newbern. For his gallantry at Roanoke Island he was made Brevet-Major. On the 2d of April, 1862, he was promoted to the command of a division—the Third of the Ninth Army Corps. At Fort Macon, soon after this appointment, his gallantry was rewarded by a congratulatory order of General Burnside, and by the rank of Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel in the Regular Army. His commission as a Major-General of Volunteers dates from July 18, 1862, though the appointment, made originally in December of that year, was not confirmed until March 9, 1863.

At the battle of Antietam General Parke was chief of staff to General Burnside, which position he still retained when Burnside succeeded General M'Clellan in the command of the Army of the Potomac. In March, 1863, he was promoted to the command of the 9th Army Corps, with which his military history has been so intimately connected. Two months later we find him at Cincinnati, presiding over the Court of Inquiry in the case of Captain Dickerson, Assistant Quarter-master. He resumed command of his corps in June. At the capture of Vicksburg, July 3, 1863, he commanded the left of the army, having under him the Ninth and part of the Sixteenth Corps. After the capture he assisted in the pursuit of Joe Johnston. Again we find him chief of staff to Burnside in that General's East Tennessee Campaign. In March of the present year he was again placed at the head of the Ninth Corps, Burnside having been relieved. It will be seen from the above record that from the beginning of the late war General Parke has devoted himself entirely to the interests of his country, and that he has held on pretty closely to General Burnside and the Ninth Corps. General Parke always did his duty in the place assigned to him, whether higher or lower. He was not too ambitious to go back to the command of a division after having been a corps commander. In every position he has commanded the respect of his men, and deserved the gratitude of his country.



PILLARED CAVES.

MUNUSING FALLS.

VIEWS OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION.—[From Photographs by A. G. Emery.]

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN G. PARKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

DISEASED CATTLE IN ENGLAND.

THE cattle pestilence now raging in London, and which is spreading in all directions through England, is likely to cause an extent of loss which it is scarcely possible to estimate. Although little more than a month has passed since this disease was recognized in the metropolitan district the loss of cows is stated to be nearly three thousand; and this number is probably under the truth, for in many cases the most strenuous exertions have been made by some cowkeepers to conceal the presence of the pestilence on their premises, and dispose of the infected animals in various markets, in this way adding to the mischief by spreading the disorder, and also endangering human health by the sale of meat which is quite unfit for food. Every precaution, however, is now being taken to prevent the spread of the plague by separating and destroying the animals affected by the use of disinfectants, and by a more careful sanitary regulation of stables. Great care also is taken that diseased meat shall not be sold in the markets; still it is estimated that thousands of the extremely poor of London are today living upon the flesh of cattle, because it is diseased, and can therefore be bought cheaply. This fact is of dangerous import when we consider the probable appearance of the Asiatic Cholera in England. Indeed some cases of this cholera have already been reported in London.

The cattle disease was brought into London by importation. In the month of June nearly 130,000 head of cattle were brought into Great Britain from over the sea. The overcrowding of cattle in the London sheds, and the imperfect ventilation of the stables, gives the plague abundant material on which to feed.

The engraving on this page shows a group of condemned cattle in one of the lairs near the Metropolitan Market, in Islington. These animals are mostly cows, and were believed to have been intended for sale in the market; but the taint of disease having been discovered in them by the market inspector, they were seized, condemned, and sent to

[CON]DEMNED CATTLE IN A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE AT THE METROPOLITAN MARKET, ISLINGTON, ENGLAN[D]

the slaughter-house to be destroyed. The poor creatures presented a most pitiable appearance. There was a discharge of matter from the nostrils, and a copious flow of saliva and bloody mucus from the mouth. On laying the hand upon their skins the sensation was felt as though a collection of air was contained between the hide and the flesh; and each continually emitted a moaning sound, as if suffering from great pain. Their heads were drooping to their feet, as if in the act of feeding, but food they were utterly unable to swallow.

Would it not be well for our farmers to carefully inspect their dairies, and see that their stables are in a wholesome condition? And especially would it not be wise for our city authorities to take measures to prevent an outbreak of the disease in the crowded cattle-pens of this city?

THE BROTHER THIEVES.

THE earliest pieces of theft we can at present call to mind are the removal of her father's household-gods by Rachel, and the plundering of the treasure-chamber of Psammenitis, the rich and learned King of Egypt, this last exploit being left on record by Herodotus, most delightful of historians.

This wise and rich monarch got a strong room built for the preservation of his immense riches, but he scarcely showed his wisdom in allowing its outward wall to be accessible to all comers, for it formed a portion of the boundary of the royal fortress. The cunning architect contrived that one large stone extending the entire breadth of the wall might be easily removed, without leaving any perceptible interstice, and on his death-bed he bequeathed the secret to his two sons. These youths soon after paying the last respects to their father's mummy, repaired by night to the outer wall, removed the stone (we are unable to explain the modus), and getting into the chamber, conveyed away some of its most precious contents. This was only the first visit, and the king, on his repeated inspections, found his glittering treasures diminishing without the slightest clew as to the nefarious means employed. The inner surface of the wall showed not the slightest flaw, and to the strokes of the hammer every portion answered with a uniform solidity. The seals placed on the door at his last going out were found untampered with on every succeeding visit, and the poor king's perplexity advanced to an alarming point. However, something should be done, and the wise king did the wisest thing under the circumstances. He laid in the neighborhood of the choicest article a trap from which no escape was possible, and on the next visit of the brothers the one who ventured inside was effectually secured, body and limbs.

The other entering with all due precautions, they examined the machine and found no possible mode of escape. The captured man then proposed to his brother to behead him, and thus save the lives and reputation of the other members of the family. On the free man expressing his repugnance to the deed he answered, my life is forfeit whether you take it or not. If you refuse, you needlessly sacrifice our mother's life and your own. This view of the case decided the brother to the abhorred deed. The head was carried away and the stone replaced.

The baffled king on finding the headless corse had still to endure the annoyance of knowing one tormentor at least to be still at large. His next proceeding was to have the body suspended from a gibbet and closely watched, the watchmen being privately instructed to take into custody all who seemed affected by sorrow at the sight.

The news coming to the ears of mother and brother a council was held to save their dear relative from annihilation. Next evening the guards remarked a clown driving along an ass laden with wine-skins; and just as he passed, and they were looking with much concupiscence on the comely bags, the cord that tied the neck of one of them came loose and out began to run the odorous red stream. On rushed the men in a courageous fashion to prevent the precious liquid from merely soaking the ungrateful dust. Some made its way down their throats, and the neck of another skin being loosed by chance, a further distribution took place, the owner lamenting his mishap aloud. However, as there was no cure for spilled liquor but to drink it, he soon joined his helpers, and getting exalted (in appearance), he said he did not mind opening another skin and drowning sorrow. The festival came to an end later in the night, every guard lying supine and indifferent to the result. The clown, in other words, the brother of the victim, then shaved half the hair off every man's head, and freeing the poor remains from the gibbet, had them conveyed home, embalmed, and united to the head.

The king was at first highly enraged, but he soon turned his thoughts to the apprehension of the very talented criminal. By proclamation he made known that his daughter was about selecting a husband, and that persons of any rank were at liberty to pay their addresses, the mode being thus arranged. The suitor was admitted to a certain darkened room in the palace; and the princess sat at a casement communicating with this room. She asked him certain questions, and if the answers were not satisfactory he was allowed to depart unharmed and unnoticed. The individual whose answers pleased the lady would be her future spouse.

After several had undergone the trial the expected man presented himself. Being laid under awful obligations to speak the truth, he was told in the sweet but stately tones of the royal lady to reveal the most painful and the most joyful incident of his past life. Dreading the dire consequences of an untruth he acknowledged that the beheading of his brother was the most sorrowful, and the recovery of his body the most joyful of all the events of his life.

"You are the man," said she, firmly grasping his covered wrist, which its owner did not attempt to withdraw. "Lights here!" Domestics crowded into the darkened rooms with flambeaux, but there was no man within the outer apartment, and the lady found herself in possession of the arm of a man lately dead. The wooer, fearing bad faith, had come prepared.

Psammenitis being now at his wit's end publicly invited his tormentor to present himself, giving such a pledge as even the King of Egypt could not fail to ratify, that he would *bona fide* pardon him and make him his son-in-law. He was soon gratified by the appearance of the outlaw, and neither he nor his daughter was ever after heard to complain of the new accession to the royal line of Egyptian kings.

ABOUT CHESS.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH, who detested games of chance, and would not allow them to be played at court, was so passionately addicted to chess that he played even when riding in his carriage. Each man had a pin at his foot, which, being stuck into a padded chess-board, resisted the joltings of the royal vehicle.

With some individuals the love of chess has been strong enough to counterbalance the fear of dying. John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, made prisoner in 1547 by Charles the Fifth, was playing chess with his fellow-captive, Ernest of Brunswick, when he received the news of his condemnation to death. After a few remarks on the irregularity of the emperor's proceedings he quietly continued his game. On winning it he expressed his satisfaction, and then retired to devote himself to the religious exercises befitting his situation.

A Turkish aga, who had incurred the Sultan's displeasure, received his sentence to death while playing chess. The game was far advanced, the position interesting, and he entreated the officers to allow him to finish it. They consented, and he won. Then, after thanking them for their politeness, he kissed the fatal document, and quietly submitted to his fate.

When a messenger informed Alamin Ben Haroun that the city of Bagdad was besieged, "Hold your tongue," said the caliph; "don't you see that I am on the point of giving a checkmate?" The same potentate sought out the best players of his empire, brought them to court, and pensioned them. His father, Abdallah the Third, used to bewail his sad fate in having more capacity for governing nations than for moving chessmen.

It is hard to believe that any one can ever have *guessed* chess, or made it out when proposed as an enigma. Nevertheless Borzu (otherwise called Buzurdjemehir "for short"), physician and vizier to Noushiwan the First, and tutor to his son Hermouz, divined the secret.

King Hind had sent to Borzu's royal master a chess-board, chessmen, and a letter.

"O king," it said, "may you live as long as the celestial spheres revolve in their orbits! I entreat you to examine this chess-board, and to set it before the eyes of the greatest scholars and sages in your kingdom. Let them carefully deliberate together, and discover, if they can, the principles of this marvelous game. If you succeed in penetrating the mystery, I promise to acknowledge myself your majesty's tributary; if not, as it will be clear that you are our inferiors in knowledge, it is you who ought to pay *me* tribute; for man's veritable grandeur consists in his knowledge, and not in treasures or territory, which are only fleeting and perishable things."

All the court counselors and ministers set to work; but the enigma appeared insoluble. The seven days' reflection required by the king had nearly elapsed when Borzu rose, and undertook to discover, all alone by himself, the clew to it in a day and a night. He shut himself up, tried each piece on the board, comparing the probable movements of each, until the whole and complete truth flashed upon him. The court then assembled, King Hind's envoy was introduced, and Borzu gave a formal lecture on chess, explaining to his wondering audience the arrangement of the pieces and their march. Noushiwan, in recompense, loaded him with favors and dignities.

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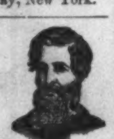
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